A

COMPANION

TO THE

LEASOWES, HAGLEY, *and* ENVILLE;

WITH

A SKETCH OF FISHERWICK,

THE SEAT OF THE

RIGHT HON. EARL DONEGALL.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

THE PRESENT STATE

OF

BIRMINGHAM.

PRINTED FOR G. G. J. & J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON; M. SWINNEY, BIRMINGHAM; AND J. HOLL, WORCESTER.

MDCCLXXXIX.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Compendious Account of thoſe celebrated Scenes, the LEASOWES, HAGLEY, *and* ENVILLE, *as they* at preſent *appear, will, it is hoped, be peculiarly acceptable at this period, as the deſcriptions extant have been repeatedly cenſured for repreſenting thoſe places ſo widely different from what they now meet the eye. Upon compariſon it is ſcarcely poſſible to imagine they were ever written upon the ſpot.*

The following ſketches were taken at the concluſion of the laſt ſummer.—Every thing which appeared ſtriking is briefly noticed, and the utmoſt care taken not to inſert any thing which did not really appear.

To this is prefixed an account of the modern ſtate of BIRMINGHAM.—*The whole, while it is only intended to convey ſatisfactory information, is occaſionally relieved by remarks and quotations, naturally reſulting from the objects immediately in view.*

BIRMINGHAM, *April* 25, 1789.

PRESENT

PRESENT STATE OF BIRMINGHAM.

BIRMINGHAM, ſituated nearly in the centre of England, at the diſtance of 116 miles from LONDON, is deſervedly conſidered the firſt manufacturing town in the Britiſh empire.—'Tis nearly of an oval form, about three miles in length, (taking in the hamlet of DERITEND,) and nearly two in breadth. It is built upon an elevated ſituation, and approached by a gentle aſcent in every direction except on the N. W. ſo as to appear a dignified object at the diſtance of ſome miles.

The air is naturally exceedingly pure, and, notwithſtanding the diſadvantages which muſt reſult from its cloſe population, the noxious effluvia of various metallic trades, and above all, the continual ſmoke ariſing from the immenſe quantity of coals conſumed, it is remarked by the moſt accurate obſerver of the probability of human exiſtence, (Dr. PRICE,) to be one of the healthieſt towns in England. The foundation being a dry, reddiſh ſand, the loweſt apartments are perfectly free from damp, and hence it follows that agues, and the numerous tribe of diſtempers incidental to moiſt ſituations, are here unknown: the inſtances of longevity are ſtrikingly numerous, and every means for the preſervation of health has been adopted in this great town—particularly bathing; one of the moſt *extenſive and compleat ſet of* BATHS in the kingdom being erected at *Lady Well*. An oblong piece of water, 36 yards by 18, is ſituated in the centre of a garden, accommodated with twenty-four receſſes

ceſſes for undreſſing, and ſurrounded by a high wall; beſide theſe, ſeven marble Baths are at all times ready for hot or cold bathing, and all other ſuitable conveniences for medical purpoſes.

Almoſt every artiſt occupying a diſtant houſe, they are ſpread over a greater extent of ſurface, and conſequently free from the diſadvantages ſo remarkable in other great towns, where the habitations are larger, and every floor occupied by one or more families: the dwellings, however, of the merchants and principal manufacturers are equal to thoſe of the ſame rank in any other part of the kingdom, and Birmingham boaſts of ſome ſtreets which would even do honour to the capital. But we are rather to regard it as a manufacturing town, where, as the poet expreſſes it;

" 'Tis

" 'Tis noiſe, and hurry all! The thronged ſtreet,
" The cloſe pil'd warehouſe, and the buſy ſhop!
" With nimble ſtroke the tinkling hammers move;
" While ſlow and weighty the vaſt ſledge deſcends,
" In ſolemn baſe reſponſive, or apart,
" Or ſocially conjoin'd in tuneful peal.—
" How the coarſe metal brightens into fame
" Shap'd by their plaſtic hands! what ornament!
" What various uſe!—Nor this alone thy praiſe,
" Thine too of graceful form, the Letter'd Type!*
" The friend of learning, and the poet's pride!

JAGO's EDGE-HILL, B. 3.

The influence of induſtry and ingenuity, in the advancement, or as it were, creation of a capital town, within about a century, is ſo remarkable in the caſe of Birmingham, that a ſhort account of it cannot be unintereſting.

This

---

* Alluding to the *Letter Foundery* of the celebrated JOHN BASKERVILLE, the beauty of his type has been famous throughtout Europe,- this branch of trade is ſtill carried on in Birmingham by M. SWINNEY, publiſher of the Birmingham and Stafford Chronicle.

This place, eſteemed the ſecond at preſent in England, for population and extent, appears, by the accurate ſurvey of Sir Henry Spelman,* not even to poſſeſs the credit of being a market town, ſo late as in 1676, while its near neighbours WALSALL and WOLVERHAMPTON, now ſo exceedingly inferior, enjoyed then their preſent rank.

The conſequence therefore of Birmingham (whatever may be urged by the ſage admirers of its ancient dignity) muſt be allowed to commence with the æra of the REVOLUTION. In 1690, the deaths in Birmingham, excluſive of Deritend, were 150, which taken at one twenty-eighth of the inhabitants, (the moſt favourable rate of calculation for towns) gives but 3400, and allowing 600 inhabitants to Deritend, makes the whole but 4000, or

one

* See Villaire Anglicum, 2d edition, publiſhed in 1678, licenſed in 1676.

one fifteenth of their preſent population. The other mode of calculating, from the regiſter of births, &c. confirm this opinion, ſo that in every point it may be juſtly acknowledged that Birmingham, in the courſe of a century, has had more than a *fifteen-fold increaſe.*

Its ancient manufactures were confined to *coarſe iron ware, nails, bits, and ſome lacquered articles;* ſhortly after the Revolution, one of its principal manufactures at preſent, *Fire Arms*, got a degree of eſtabliſhment, which was exceedingly advanced by obtaining a contract for furniſhing a ſupply to government: and at the ſame time, the prohibition of French commodities, although it could not deſtroy a predilection for their faſhions, yet eſtabliſhing the neceſſity of deriving from ourſelves the materials of decoration, the profuſion of buttons with which dreſs clothes were then ornamented, became ſupplied by London and Birmingham. As the demand increaſed, the

latter

latter obtained the pre-eminence, from her advantages in the price of labour, fuel, and the neceſſaries of life. Soon after, the iron and metal buckle trade became extenſive: various circumſtances, aided by the genius and perſevering induſtry of the inhabitants, afterwards created a number of new objects in the toy and hard ware lines; yet until the eſtabliſhment of the late *John Taylor, Eſq.* there does not appear to have been any manufacture upon that general and extenſive ſcale, of which Birmingham can in the preſent day furniſh ſuch numerous inſtances. It is ſcarcely 40 years ſince there was not a ſingle mercantile houſe, which correſponded directly from hence with any foreign country, but furniſhed their products for the ſupply of thoſe markets, through the medium of merchants in London: at this moment, the principal orders for foreign ſupply come directly to merchants or manufacturers reſident in the town; ſo that its known reputation and celebrity,

lebrity, fully juſtifies the name given to Birmingham by one of the firſt characters of the age, — that of being —

THE GRAND TOY-SHOP OF EUROPE.

To enter into a detail of the ſeveral productions of this great aſſemblage of manufactories, would require a volume; it will be ſufficient to remark, that whatever can be deſired, either for utility or ornament, in the various branches of hard-ware, the endleſs variety of buttons, buckles, plated articles, toys, trinkets and jewellery; alſo fire arms, and the ponderous productions of the caſting furnace, rolling mill, and ſmelting work, are abundantly ſupplied by Birmingham.

Although the limits of an introductory account will not admit of indulging ourſelves in particulariſing the principal manufactories, yet there are ſome of ſuch extent and conſequence that it muſt ſeem unpardonable not

to

to notice them:—as the manufactory of paper into buttons, tea trays, coach pannels, &c. &c. by Mr. Clay, for which he has obtained a royal patent; theſe articles are heightened with an elegance of decoration, which for deſign and execution are wholly unequalled.

About a mile and half from Birmingham, on the Wolverhampton road, and near the *Soho*, are the works of Mr. Egginton, where we find the loſt art of painting upon glaſs revived, with a glow of colouring equal to the brighteſt of the ancients, and with an execution of the pencil wholly unknown to them: this will readily be allowed, when it is obſerved that the deſigns of thoſe celebrated maſters *Reynolds*, *Weſt*, *Cipriani*, *&c. &c.* are copied with all the force and juſtneſs of their own pencilling: a ſuperb window to be placed over the communion table of St. Paul's Chapel, in this town, at preſent nearly finiſhed by Mr. Egginton, will as fully juſtify

this

this remark, as his former productions at Windſor, Oxford, &c.

At the SOHO, belonging to Mr. Bolton, is one of the moſt extenſive manufactories in the kingdom, as well for the number of hands employed, as the variety of different articles they produce.—It conſiſts of four ſquares with connecting ranges, or rather ſtreets of ſhopping, warehouſes, &c. capable of employing above a thouſand workmen, in all the varieties of the button, buckle, plated, or, and *argent-moulu*, ſteel toy, and trinket manufactories.—Here the artiſt avails himſelf of every aid of mechaniſm, moved by water-mills, ſteam engines, &c. &c. to accelerate his various works.* A diſ-

* Almoſt every manufacture, capable of being aided by *rotative* motion, is in the higheſt degree indebted to the exertions of this gentleman and his partner, Mr. Watt, for their great improvement of the ſteam engine; in the ſole property of erecting which they are deſervedly protected by patent. The

A diſplay of theſe muſt ſtrike even the moſt inattentive with admiration, but this view is at preſent very much reſtricted, as improper uſes have been of the liberty of examining them: however the produce of the ſeveral departments, in their moſt finiſhed ſtate, are exhibited in a ſhew room at the SOHO, which may be conſidered as a moſt ſuperb *Toy Shop*, ſervants attending for the ſale of the various articles.

Birmingham at preſent poſſeſſes not leſs than 60,000 inhabitants; the amount of the houſes, rated and unrated, in the two pariſhes of St. Martin and St. Philip, and the hamlet of Deritend, being above eleven thouſand, which

The variety of works to which it is applicable is almoſt incredible, from the grinding of the minuteſt ſteel bead, to the moſt extenſive cotton and flour mills, as well as the ſtupendous machines, adapted to coal and other mines.

which makes the population as before obſerved, about fifteen times as many as that a century ago. Yet this great town having riſen into conſequence, in ſo ſhort a ſpace, from a mere village, does not poſſeſs any chartered privileges, and is governed only by a high and low bailiff, and two conſtables, choſen annually, although for wealth and reſpectability they are not inferior to the magiſtrates of almoſt any city or town in the kingdom.

The not poſſeſſing chartered privileges may, however, be conſidered amongſt the firſt advantages enjoyed by this town: as thereby the attention of the induſtrious manufacturer can ſeldom be called off, by the interference of party intereſt; and that grand principle which ſhould ever animate a flouriſhing commercial eſtabliſhment, univerſally pervades the great body of the inhabitants, that of *the uninterrupted application of each individual who compoſes it, to his own peculiar concerns.*

The

The chief meetings in Birmingham (beſide parochial feaſtings) which bear little analogy to thoſe in corporate towns, are various aſſociations and clubs among the working body of men:—theſe tend, for the moſt part, to the very beſt purpoſes, that of lightening the pariſh levies, by yielding a weekly ſupport to the ſick artiſan, ariſing from a fund formed by the produce of his labour, and raiſed in ſubſcriptions. Yet notwithſtanding the numerous ſocieties for this laudable purpoſe, and the ſeveral public charities and truſts, ſuch are the demands from the diſtreſſed part of ſo large a community, that little leſs than 10,000l. is diſtributed annually by the overſeers for their relief; being above thirty times the ſum raiſed a century ago.*

Among the foremoſt of charitable endowments muſt be ranked the GENERAL HOSPITAL.

* In 1688 the ſum diſburſed for the poor was 308l. 17s. 9½d. From Eaſter 1786 to Eaſter 1787 12,429l. 9s. 11¼d. and nearly the ſame for the preceding ſeven years.

This is a large and convenient edifice, erected on the edge of the town, at above 7000l. expence, voluntarily ſubſcribed, as is its preſent ſupport, amounting to about 1000l. per ann. in which upwards of ſeventy patients are accommodated weekly upon an average, and a ſtill greater number are relieved externally.

The FREE-SCHOOL of the town, ſituate in New-ſtreet, is alſo an excellent foundation, and ſo well endowed, that beſides being adequate to the liberal ſupport of the principal or grammar ſchool, is capable of maintaining eight inferior ſchools, in different parts of the town, for the younger children of both ſexes; and alſo ſeven exhibitioners at Oxford, at 25l. each.—There is likewiſe an excellent CHARITY SCHOOL, in the New Church Yard, and another ſupported by the Diſſenters, with ſeveral Evening and Sunday Schools, which are attended with the happieſt effects.

Birmingham has two Pariſh Churches, and three Chapels of Eaſe, beſides that in Deritend. Of the former, St. Philip's is juſtly admired for the beauty of its architecture and ſituation, being built in a light, elegant ſtile, about 60 years ago. The chapels are all modern, handſome edifices—particularly St. Paul's, which, when finiſhed as propoſed, with a ſuitable ſpire, and embelliſhed with the painted window preparing for it, will rank amongſt the foremoſt buildings of its kind, for elegance and taſte. There are, beſide two Preſbyterian Meetings, in one of which the celebrated Dr. PRIESTLY is miniſter, three of Independants, one of Quakers, three of Anabaptiſts, a Romiſh chapel, with ſeveral Methodiſt Meeting Houſes, and a Jewiſh Synagogue.

Next to the places of worſhip the THEATRE ſtands diſtinguiſhed for the elegance of its architecture. Its front is of hewn ſtone, and the arrangement every way worthy the firſt ra-

tional place of amuſement in a capital town: It has been erected within a few years.—Here, during the ſummer ſeaſon, there is generally a reſpectable company of performers from the London, and other theatres.

DUDDESTON GARDENS, or VAUXHALL, within about a mile and half from the centre of the town, likewiſe furniſhes an agreeable fund of amuſement during the ſummer, being diſpoſed upon a plan, ſomewhat ſimilar to that of London, for muſic and other entertainments.

In Winter there are *Concerts* and *Balls* in a ſuperb aſſembly room at the HOTEL; a building deſervedly admired for its elegance and convenience.

This town derives an important advantage from its *Navigable Communication* to moſt parts of the kingdom, whereby the great expence incurred by land carriage is avoided, and

and her heavieſt products conveyed to the moſt remote diſtance, without a material addition to their original price. — The OLD CANAL, which was made in 1768 and 1769, brings hither various raw materials, and the produce of the Wedneſbury Collieries, thereby ſupplying that neceſſary article, *Fuel*, at little more than half the price formerly paid for it. This CUT was in 1772 extended to *Autherley*, from whence there is a communication to the *Severn*, and thereby to *Shrewſbury*, *Glo'ſter*, *Briſtol*, and, with the *Trent*, to * *Gainſbro'*, *Hull*, and *London*. From this canal there is likewiſe a junction with the *Grand Line* running along the POTTERY in Staffordſhire, and thence extending to *Mancheſter* and *Liverpool*: Thus conveying the manufactures of Birmingham and its vicinity, intirely

* From whence there are regular and ſpeedy conveyances eſtabliſhed per water to York, Hull, London, &c. and to all other places communicating with the rivers Trent and Humber. The particular rates of freight, &c. may be known by applying to Mr. C. MAULLIN, Trent Port Wharf, near Gainſbrough.

intirely by water carriage, to the principal ports of the *Britiſh Ocean*, the *Iriſh Sea*, and *St. George's Channel*.

By the NEW CANAL, nearly compleated, a communication will be opened by *Fazely* to *Fiſherwick*, *Tamworth*, *Poleſworth*, *Atherſtone*, *Nuneaton*, and *Coventry*, to *Oxford*, and from thence, by the *Canal*, or *Thames*, to LONDON: thereby obtaining a navigable conveyance to the S. E. extremity of the kingdom, and diffuſing as it were from a centre, in four grand and oppoſite points, the various *Products* of *Britiſh Induſtry*, to be diſperſed from her chief ports, amongſt the inhabitants of every clime: and thus raiſing, in every known region of the globe, a perpetual monument of the *commercial ſuperiority of the* BRITISH EMPIRE.

The following Lines originally appeared in the *Birmingham Chronicle* of Dec. 1787; their merit and application 'tis preſumed will fully juſtify their introduction here:

TRADE

TRADE.

" PARENT of uſeful arts, Britannia's boaſt,
" Source of our wealth, and guardian of our coaſt;
" O Commerce hail! new life my muſe inhales,
" To ſee the breezes fill thy ſwelling ſails;
" To ſee thy gallant bark the ocean brave,
" Hear the departing ſhout, and watch the whitening wave.

" Propitious pow'r! thy gentle arts refin'd
" Uncultur'd life, and civiliz'd mankind:
" Remoteſt climes to friendly converſe drew,
" And ſtretch'd a chain from China to Peru!

" All the rich ſcenes exalted Britain yields,
" Her crowded towns and cultivated fields;
" Her wealth extending far as oceans roll,
" Her naval thunders heard from poll to poll.
" All ſpring from thee, prolific parent, all,
" With thee they flouriſh, and with thee they fall.
" Look at the horrid hue of ancient reigns,
" What ſcenes of blood, of cruelty and chains!
" *King*, *Lords*, and *Clergy* ſhar'd the ſtern command,
" And triple tyranny devour'd the land.
" The royal brutes indulg'd their ſavage taſte,
" Turn'd fields to foreſts, and laid countries waſte.
" The helpleſs Commons humbl'd and obey'd,
" Their wealth a cypher and their pow'r a ſhade.

" But

" But ſoon as Commerce ſpread her golden reign,
" And ſent the proud bark dancing o'er the main;
" This ſcene of terrors vaniſh'd from the view,
" The *Lords* look'd little, and the Commons grew!
" A milder aſpect Majeſty aſſumes,
" Stript of his bloody robes and haughty plumes.
" Pow'r chang'd its courſe: the riſing Commons ſtood
" Dauntleſs aſſerters of their country's good:
" Then roſe the ſpirit of old Greece and Rome,
" And Freedom's thunders ſhook the ſenate dome.

" Offspring of trade! O Birmingham, beware
" Of luxury, the Syren!—ſhun her ſnare!
" Let other towns in empty ſplendours ſhine,
" The glories of *frugality* be thine!
" This friend to trade, ye ſons of commerce, know,
" Guards it when high, and raiſes it when low.
" To this the Dutchman owes his endleſs hoards;
" This made poor fiſhers *High and Mighty Lords!*
" Turns bogs to paſtures, the wild ſea reſtrains,
" And pours *Pactolus* in a land of drains.

" Trade thus ſupported will forever bear,
" The weight of taxes, and the ſhock of war."

A COM-

A

COMPANION

TO THE

LEASOWES, &c.

ALTHO' in this delightful EPITOME of rural elegance, 'tis poſſible to diſcover that the Hand of Art has done much, guided by the moſt glowing imagination, and refined taſte, yet it is evident that nature has done infinitely more: — The chief merit of Mr. Shenſtone, the celebrated deſigner of the LEASOWES, viſibly conſiſted in lopping off exuberances and ſupplying omiſſions; now heightening a beauty, and now concealing a blemiſh. — In the courſe of our progreſs thro' the varied ſcenes which the LEASOWES preſent, we ſhall have frequent occaſion to admire the ſkill and diſcernment of its arranger.

On the road leading from Birmingham, about half a mile ſhort of Hales-Owen, we turn to the entrance on the left, and by a declining hollow way, rendered rather gloomy by the lofty overhanging trees, we arrive at a GATE, arched over with rude ſtones, which conducts to

THE PRIORY WALK;

Through whoſe ſequeſtered Path, the mind, lull'd into a calm repoſe, is ſuddenly rouſed, upon arriving near the firſt *Seat*, by the harſh clamours of

A CASCADE,

tumbling impetuouſly over rocks and irregular breakers, while a ſteep ſtony hill, on the oppoſite ſide, implanted thickly with trees, and beſet with buſhes, gives it an awful grace, and every appearance of the work of chance.

Beſide a ſeat juſt within the entrance, is the following inſcription;

——— Lucis habitamus opacis,
Riparumque toros, et prata recentia rivis
Incolumus.

VIR. ÆNEID 6—673.

——————— Thro' various ſcenes we rove
As fancy guides, from verdant grove to grove,
Or ſtretch'd on flow'ry turf extended lie,
Lull'd by the tinkling rills that murmur nigh.

ANON.

One ſide of this varied receſs is richly covered with trees, buſhes and green-ſwerd, decorated with numerous ſcattered flowers of ſpontaneous growth, whilſt here and there the bending trunk of a tree, or the expanding root of a riſing oak, ſtretches acroſs and interrupts the path, by the ſemblance of rude neglect, adding to the real beauty and wilderneſs of the ſcene.

The other ſide of the Dell is crowded with buſhy tufts, from top to bottom, through whoſe cluſtering ſprays the current, winding from the fall of the Caſcade, mingles with the unruffled lake* beneath. Here the ſerene beauties of the ſcene are particularly ſtriking, after the romantic wildneſs of that we have left behind. Advancing

* The Pool formed here by Mr. Shenſtone, has been enlarged into a beautiful Lake by the preſent Proprietor.

to the water's *edge, the view becomes more open, taking in HALES-OWEN STEEPLE, and the ſhady ſhelving ſides of the Clent Hills.

A ſeat judiciouſly placed here by the preſent proprietor, allows us to contemplate at eaſe this charming landſcape. From hence turning to the left we enter a path, winding its mazy way by the ſide of the ſtream till the eye catches a rill gently murmuring down the ſteepy banks, and loſing itſelf in the pool below. Soon after we come to a *Seat* which bears thoſe lines:

Huc

---

* Near to this place was formely fixed the following inſcription,

AMICITIA ET MERITIS
RICARDI GRAVES.

—— —— Ipſæ te Tityre, pinus
Ipſii te Fontes, ipſa hæc Arbuſta vocabunt.

VIR. 1ſt Ec.

To the Friendſhip and Merit
Of RICHARD GRAVES.

For thee, the bubbling Springs appear'd to mourn,
And whiſp'ring Pines made Vows for thy return.

DRYDEN.

Huc ades, O Melibæ! caper tibi ſalvus et hædi;
Et, ſi quid ceſſare potes, requieſce ſub umbra.

VIR. 7 EC.

Hither, O Melibæus, haſte,
Safe are thy goats and kids,—
And if no greater cares diſturb your mind.
Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.

DRYDEN.

Proceeding further we come to a ſmall bench, from whence we catch a view on the other ſide of the ſtream of a lonely *Urn*, the pedeſtal is thus inſcribed:

INGENIO ET AMICITIÆ
GULIELMI SOMERVILLE
G. S.
POSUIT.
Debita ſpargens lacryma favillam
Vatis amici.

To the genius and friendſhip
Of WILLIAM SOMERVILLE,
W. S. rais'd this urn,
Bedewing the aſhes of his poetical friend
with tears.

The next object that fixes our attention, is

THE WOOD HOUSE;

Seated in a fine grove, richly beſet with cheſnuts and larches; from the entrance of whoſe moſs grown ſeat, we are charmed with one of the moſt romantic ſcenes, ever formed by the joint labours of art and nature.

This ſpot was originally inſcribed to the EARL OF STAMFORD;—but the preſent proprietor has, with abundant taſte and propriety, dedicated it to the memory of its late owner, and placed the following inſcription againſt the rude moſs-grown trunks which form this receſs:

GULIELMO SHENSTONE
Qui hujuſce Ruris amænitates
Nec gratas olim, nec cognitas,
Ingenio Suo Indagavit,
Litteris exornavit,
Moribus commendavit:
Sedem cum Rivo
Dedicat
E. H.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE
Whoſe taſte diſcovered,
Whoſe learning adorned,
Whoſe manners grac'd
The charms of this Rural Spot,
Formerly neither admir'd nor known,
E. H.
Dedicates
This Seat and Stream.

Directly in front, on a tumulus ſurrounded with ſmall firs, ſtands a plain white Urn, thus inſcribed:

GENIO LOCI.
To the Genius of the Place.

From a conſiderable height rapidly ruſhes down, over breakers of different kinds, a CASCADE: the daſhing fall of the water from ſo ſtupendous a rock, the irregular plantation of matted ſhrubs, intermingled with aſhes, yews, and other trees of bolder growth: the overhanging, circling branches, which ſpread a gloomy horror over the iſſuing head of the foaming ſurge, the ſteep ragged ſides, where the roots of large trees are left bare by the violent force of the guſhing ſtream, are objects

objects which cannot fail of ſtriking forcibly. —— The whole is beheld with great advantage from a little ſeat at the root of a venerable oak.

It is with a kind of dread that we purſue the track leading to the firſt water-fall, but on reaching the ſummit, our fears inſenſibly vaniſh, and our labour is abundantly rewarded by the moſt ſimply delightful ſcene that ever graced the wilds of nature.

On our return to the Wood-houſe, we take a road leading up the ſhady valley, cloſely begirt with buſhes, goſs, and thorns, which afford to the whole vale a wild ruſtic appearance. — This is judiciouſly contrived, to prevent the ſcene from breaking off too abruptly, which it would otherwiſe do, and the noble Caſcade already deſcribed, would thus too ſtrongly indicate the ingenious hand of the deſigner.

Proceeding further on, the view, by degrees, becomes more lively by the diſtant extenſion of noble waving trees. Amidſt a clump of young oaks we find a circular *Bench*, thus complimentarily inſcribed :

TO

TO Mr. DODSLEY.

Come then my Friend, thy Sylvan taſte diſplay,
Come, hear thy Faunus tune his ruſtic Lay;
Ah! rather come, and in theſe Dells diſown
The care of other's ſtrains, and tune thine own.

Directly behind this ſeat, in the midſt of a grove of oaks, roughly edged with coppice and goſs, is the ſtatue of *Faunus* playing on his pipe, well executed and throwing a fine effect on the cloſe enfolding wood.

From hence we have a pleaſing proſpect of the rural vale, terminated by a ſtately grove which winds into the bottom, well fenced on each ſide by a wide ſkirted wood.

The path conducts from this lovely ſpot, and leads winding through the dale, under the umbrage of ſtately beech trees, to another ſeat on a ſteep aſcent, which bears theſe lines:

——— me gelidum nemus,
Nympharumque leves cum ſatyris chori,
Secernant populo ———

HOR.

Be mine, amid the breezy grove,
In ſacred ſolitude to rove;
To ſee the Nymps and Satyrs bound,
Light dancing thro' the mazy ground.

FRANCIS.

Here a charming valley opens to our view, in the cloſe of which formerly ſtood a lonely *Urn*, dedicated to the brother of Mr. Shenſtone, which bore this inſcription:

FRATRI EJUS UNICO,
FRATRUM AMANTISSIMO,
JUVENUM SUAVISSIMO
HOMINUM INTEGERRIMO.
MDCCLII.

To his only brother,
The moſt loving of brothers,
The moſt amiable of youths,
And the honeſteſt of men.
1752.

On the other ſide:

Poſtquam te fata tulerunt,
Ipſa Pales agros, atque ipſe reliquit Apollo.

VIR. 5. EC.

——— When fate ſnatch'd thee away,
Pales no longer ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain.
DRYDEN.

From a large ſeat ſomewhat further on, we have a fine proſpect down the Dell, of

THE PRIORY,

Situated within the verge of embowering trees; its venerable broken aſpect preſents to the imagination one of thoſe ruined piles which the hand of gothic barbarity had heretofore deſpoiled, bearing every indication of ſuch an awful mould'ring ſtructure;—though, in fact, it is no more than a ſimple cottage ſo diſguiſed: and was originally deſigned by Mr. SHENSTONE, as an aſylum for age and indigence, to which purpoſe the preſent proprietor kindly deſtines it.—Would that every one poſſeſſed of ample domains appropriated ſome ſmall portion of them to purpoſes ſo amiable!

From this ſeat the Priory appears to great advantage; the gothic windows wearing every reſemblance of a decayed church, increaſe the ſolemnity of the ſurrounding ſcene.

But

But to purſue our courſe.—Aſcending the declivity of a ſteep hill, by a path on the ſide of a ſtream nearly hidden with ſhrubs and graſs, a *Seat* of deſired reſt unexpectedly preſents itſelf, laying open to view a proſpect too pictureſque to admit deſcription; which, though ſomewhat confined on the left by the luxuriant growth of ſtately oaks, comprehends ſuch an extenſive view of the adjoining country, wonderfully variegated with groves, woods, hills, valleys and houſes, as to render it difficult for the moſt faſtidious critic to determine

What ſhou'd be added, what be ta'en away.

Under the direction of ſuch diſtinguiſhed taſte and judgment as Mr. SHENSTONE's, no wonder that almoſt every bench ſhould offer as many delights to the mind, as each varied proſpect preſents to the eye; to convince us of the former, let us refer to the lines *which heretofore graced this Seat:*

'Shepherd wou'dſt thou here obtain
'Pleaſure unalloy'd with pain?
'Joy that ſuits the rural ſphere?
'Gentle ſhepherd lend an ear.

'Learn

' Learn to reliſh calm delight,
' Verdant vales and fountains bright;
' Trees that nod on ſloping hills,
' Caves that echo tinkling rills.

' If thou canſt no charm diſcloſe,
' In the ſimpleſt bud that blows;
' Go! forſake the plain and fold,
' Join the croud and toil for gold.

' Tranquil pleaſures never cloy,
' Baniſh each tumultuous joy,
' All but love, for love inſpires,
' Fonder wiſhes, warmer fires.

' Love, and all its joys be thine,
' Yet e'er thou the reigns reſign,
' Hear what reaſon ſeems to ſay,
' Hear attentive and obey.—

" Crimſon leaves the roſe adorn,
" But beneath them lurks a thorn;
" Fair and flow'ry is the brake,
" Yet it hides the vengeful ſnake.

" Think not ſhe whoſe empty pride
" Dares the fleecy garb deride;
" Think not ſhe, who, light and vain,
" Scorns the ſheep, can love the ſwain!

" Artleſs

" Artleſs deed and ſimple dreſs,
" Mark the choſen ſhepherdeſs;
" Thoughts by decency controul'd,
" Well conceiv'd and freely told.

" Senſe, that ſhuns each conſcious air,
" Wit, that falls e'r well aware;
" Gen'rous pity, prone to ſigh
" If her kid or lambkin die.

" Let not lucre, let not pride,
" Draw thee from ſuch charms aſide;
" Have not thoſe their proper ſphere?
" Gentler paſſions triumph here.

" See, to ſweeten thy repoſe,
" The bloſſom buds, the fountain flows;
" Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
" All that milk and fruits afford.

" Seek no more—the reſt is vain,
" Pleaſure ending ſoon in pain:
" Anguiſh lightly gilded o'er,
" Cloſe thy wiſh, and ſeek no more."

When we reflect on the poetical merit of the late poſſeſſor—Should a ſigh heave, may it not deſerve vent?—Should even a tear ſtart, may we not let it flow?

Paſſing

Paſſing on through a wicket, we reach the ſummit of a mount, ſurrounded by large Scotch firs, from whence we have one of the moſt extenſive proſpects throughout our walk; here is placed an octangular ſeat encompaſſing an elevated table, which ſerves as a pedeſtal for a large goblet or vaſe with one handle, dedicated to the well known toaſt of

"All Friends round the WREKIN."

From hence, in different points, we have ſeveral delightful views, as the farm in its fulleſt luſtre, the duſky top of the Wrekin (a prodigious mountain in Shropſhire), part of the Clent hills, Witchbury wood, and its obeliſk, proudly rearing their lofty heads over the vale, where ſcattered houſes, villages, and clumps of trees diverſify the ſcene; and, to add to the pleaſing variety, the town of Hales Owen, appears, enveloped in a degree between ſwelling hills, and riſing woods.

Gaining the hill we are indulged with a more extenſive view of fallows, meads and paſtures, where, on the boldeſt eminence of the whole farm, encompaſſed by a ſmall grove, is

THE

THE GOTHIC ALCOVE;

From hence the prospect is greatly heightened by a serpentine river, meandering through the lawns and glens.—The back part of the Alcove bears these lines in old black print:

O you that bathe in Countlye Blisse,
Or toyle in Fortune's giddy spheare;
Do not too rathly deeme amisse,
Of him that bides contentid here.

Nor yet disdeign the russet stole,
Which o'er each carlesse Lymbe he flings;
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowl,
In whiche he quaffs the lympid Springs.

Forgyve him, if at Eve or Dawn,
Devoide of Worldly Cark he stray:
Or all besyde some flowerye Lawn,
He waste his innoffensive Day.

So may He paydonne Fraud and Stryf,
If such in publycke Haunt he see;
For Faults there beene in busye Lyfe,
From which these peacefull Glennes are free.

For

O ye that bathe in Courtly Bliſs,
Or toil in Fortune's giddy Sphere;
Do not too raſhly deem amiſs,
Of him that bides contented here.

Nor yet diſdain the ruſſet Stole,
Which o'er each careleſs limb he flings;
Nor yet deride the beechen bowl,
In which he quaffs the lympid ſprings.

Forgive him, if at eve or dawn,
Devoid of worldly care he ſtray:
Or all beſide ſome flow'ry lawn,
He waſte his inoffenſive day.

So may he pardon fraud and ſtrife,
If ſuch in public haunt he ſee;
For faults there be in buſy life,
From which theſe peaceful glens are free.

Purſuing the path which ſlopes down a ſhady ſteep, we have in view Hales-Owen ſteeple, with part of the hills and woods before deſcribed, elegantly adorned by ſcenes, wherein lakes and winding ſtreams, irregularly diſperſed, diverſify the vales beneath.

Deſcending to a hatch, and croſſing a road, we are conducted by a path running beſide a row of trees to a ſeat under a lofty beech, bearing theſe lines:

Hoc erat in votis; modus agri non ita magnus;
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus, jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum ſylvæ ſuper his foret. Auctius atque
Dii melius fecere.

HOR. 6th SAT. L. 11.

A *little farm*, and a pleaſant clear ſpring, a garden and a grove, were the utmoſt of my wiſhes; the gods in their bounty have exceeded my hopes, and I am contented.

DR. DUNSTER.

From this retreat we have too many rich proſpects to be particularized; a fine lawn, gently ſloping down to the houſe, and amply diſplaying the ſimplicity of the paſtoral ſcene, deſerves regard. At the diſtance of about ten miles, through a noble clump of large oaks and ſpreading beeches, Lord Stamford's grounds are diſcernible, and beyond theſe the Clee-Hills near Ludlow.

The path from hence directs to another gate, opening on the outſide of the farm, where nature ſeems

ſeems to wear a different aſpect, the diſtant views being excluded and confined by rude irregular hills.

Beſide the path, which runs amongſt a cluſter of lofty trees was formerly placed a ſeat, inſcribed to the celebrated Mr. SPENCE, whoſe genuine poetical taſte, heightened by moſt extenſive erudition and uncommon critical abilities, placed him in the moſt diſtinguiſhed rank of Mr. SHENSTONE's friends.

The path then glides gently down by the ſide of a hedge, and leading us through a wicket, we reach

THE LOVERS' WALK;

Here, from a ſolitary gloom, the ſcene is metamorphoſed to a pleaſing retirement, wherein we ſoon find a ſeat, in whoſe front a fine irregular piece of water preſents itſelf, the banks beautifully decorated on one ſide by trees, whoſe drooping branches lave in the ſilver ſtream. We are particularly ſtruck with a ſmall iſland which riſes in the centre, thinly ſhaded with trees, and through ſome opening oaks catch ſight of a diſtant houſe, peeping over the valley; while, to render the ſpot more enchanting, the ſound of a gently murmuring rivu-

let arreſts the attention, and diſpoſes the mind to the moſt pleaſing coutemplation:

—— Soft as the gentle power whom all obey.

Keeping the margin of the flood we are conducted to another bench, uninſcribed, from whence we diſtantly behold Hales-Owen Spire, and the woody, fringed horizon ſtretching behind; a little onward we meet another ſeat which was formerly thus inſcribed:

" Nerine Galatea, thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
" Candidior cycnis, hedera formoſior albâ:
" Cum primum paſti repetent præſepia tauri,
" Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.

VIR. 7th Ec.

Fair Galatea, with thy ſilver feet,
O whiter than the ſwan, and more than Hybla ſweet;
Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole,
Come, charm thy ſhepherd, and reſtore my ſoul.
Come, when my lated ſheep, at night return,
And crown the ſilent hours, and ſtop the roſy morn.

DRYDEN.

Here the winding water gradually grows narrower till it forms a purling ſtream, gliding down in ſoft meanders to the pool below.

From

From hence by a ſhady path running along the ſide of the narrow ſtream which empties itſelf below, we mount a gently riſing ſwell, whereon a gilt *Urn* formerly was erected to the memory of Miſs DOLMAN, on one ſide thus inſcribed:

PERAMABILI SUÆ
CONSOBRINÆ.
M. D.

To his moſt beloved couſin
M. D.

The oppoſite ſide contained theſe lines:

AH MARIA!
PUELLARUM ELEGANTISSIMA
AH FLORE, VENUSTATIS ABREPTA
VALE!
HEU QUANTO MINUS EST
CUM RELIQUIS VERSARI,
QUAM TUI
MEMINISSE.

Ah Maria!
Moſt elegant of Maidens
Snatch'd away, alas!
In the bloom of beauty,
Farewel!
Alas! how much leſs pleaſure in the
Society of thoſe remaining,
Than
In contemplating thy memory.

The path now riſes boldly to a ſeat, from whence, through the wild copſe, we catch ſight of a piece of water in the vale, whoſe extremities are hid behind trees and ſhrubs, from amid which the Houſe, as it were emerging, adds conſiderably to the beauty of the view. A little onward, at the foot of a precipice, o'ertop'd by ſhrubs, is another bench, formerly decorated by that charming line of Pope,

"Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care."

Between this and the next ſeat, the ground riſes ſo abruptly, that it was found neceſſary, in order to render it more acceſſible, to cut a zig-zag path thro' the ſloping ragged banks. The bench, on the ſummit of this hill, is placed very apropos, and preſents

preſents us with a gay landſcape; the houſe and copious lawn extending round it; which, together with the grange in the vale beneath, ſeated amidſt lofty pines, is beautifully contraſted to the gloomy ſhades we ſo lately deſerted. On the back of the ſeat are the following lines:

Hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida tempe
Mugituſque boum, molléſque ſub arbore ſomni.

VIR. GEOR. L. II.

Cool grots, and living lakes, and flow'ry pride
Of meads, and ſtreams that thro' the valley glide;
And ſhady groves that eaſy ſleep invite,
And after toilſome days, a ſweet repoſe at night.

DRYDEN.

The ſame ſhady walk ſtill winds its mazy courſe, till it introduces us to the opening of a long viſta. In the midſt of this, upon a ſmall eminence, is a capacious ſeat, from whence looking through an opening in the trees over a woody glade, we are ſtruck with a proſpect inimitably fine. Beyond a ſcope of variegated country, riſe up two verdant hills of peculiar beauty and correſponding ſize, having

having a ſufficient intervening ſpace to avoid the appearance of being crouded. The charming undulation of the outline which marks the horizon is ſingularly pleaſing. The ſwelling ſides of thoſe delicious orbs as well as the vale beneath, ſcattered over with varied foliage; the neighbouring meads and fallow fringed with ſhrubs, form an enlivening contraſt; while the ſtream, winding through the bottom, completes the picture.

Continuing the viſta, which is pleaſingly varied by gentle ſwells, we find at the end a ſimple ſtructure, called the TEMPLE of PAN, with this inſcription:

Pan primus calamos cerâ conjungere plures
Edocuit: Pan curat oves, oviumque magiſtros.
VIR. 2d Ec.

Pan taught to join with wax unequal reeds,
Pan loves the ſhepherds, and their flocks he feeds.
DRYDEN.

From the Temple we may turn into a path on the right, leading through a ſmall gate which conducts us

us up an aſcent to a fine natural terrace, and from a ſeat* judiciouſly placed on its ſummit, we have a view, which, for extent and variety, infinitely exceeds any that we have been before preſented with. Thoſe two delicious ſwells, and the whole proſpect we ſo much admired from the viſta, heightened by an extenſive ſcope of richly cultivated country, are relieved by the Clent Hills, the Wrekin, and Welſh mountains, whoſe duſky tops ſeem loſt in the diſtant horizon.

Returning to the Temple, the walk ſhoots abruptly downward, amongſt ſhady trees and ſhelving banks, till running along the ſide of a hawthorn hedge, in a beauteous meadow, added by the preſent proprietor, leads us to a ſeat, ſhaded by firs, from whence a ſylvan ſcene expands itſelf, in all the variegated beauty of rural ſimplicity; the ſwelling lawns ſcattered o'er with beauteous full grown trees, under whoſe friendly ſhade the lowing herds and nibbling ſheep ſecurely feed—from juſt below this

* This ſeat was formerly very aptly inſcribed,
DIVINA GLORIA RURIS!

this ſeat, the verdant turf gently falling, and directly after, with the moſt graceful riſe, mounting up to the bounding wood, has a very pleaſing effect, and the ſcene is yet heightened by the view of detached groves, and the gothic alcove.

The next ſeat appears amidſt a clump of firs, where the eye is agreeably diverted by ſome falls of water, ruſhing amidſt the trees with great velocity down a narrow dingle, banked on each ſide by a ſwelling lawn. This view and ſeat are dedicated to the celebrated GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON. A little further on we find a bench which but little varies the proſpect,* and from hence we proceed, through a wicket, to

VIRGIL's GROVE,

where opens a ſcene,—

Sweet as the rural ſtrains himſelf had ſung.

This calm receſs diſcovers on the right, a plain obeliſk, having this inſcription on the baſe:

GENIO

* This ſeat was formerly graced with theſe lines:
Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, ſilváſque inglorius.
VIRG. GEORG. l. 2.

GENIO P. VIRGILII MARONIS
LAPIS ISTE CUM LUCO,
SACER ESTO.

To the Genius of Virgil
Let this ſtone and grove
Be ſacred.

The path turns to the left by the root of a venerable oak, where we find theſe lines:

Sweet Naiad in this chryſtal wave,
Thy beauteous limbs with freedom lave;
By friendly ſhades encompaſs'd, fly
The rude approach of vulgar eye;
Yet grant the courteous, and the kind,
To trace thy footſteps unconfin'd;
And grant the ſwain thy charms to ſee
Who form'd theſe friendly ſhades for thee.

R. DODSLEY.*

* Theſe lines alluded to the proſpect of the CASCADE, which was beheld here in the moſt favourable point of view, and juſt below it, as if riſing out of the white foaming ſurge, a leaden ſtatue of the Medicean Venus was diſcovered with the moſt charming effect. Of this latter embelliſhment we are now deprived, through the gothic depredation of ſome miſcreants, who cut it in pieces, and carried off as much as they could convey, on the night of the 6th of June, 1785.

A little further, oppoſite a daſhing fall of water, we reach a ſeat addreſſed to Mr. Thomſon, (Author of the Seaſons, &c.) in theſe words:—

CELEBERRIMO POETÆ,
JACOBO THOMSON;
PROPE FONTES ILLI NON FASTIDITOS,
G. S.
SEDEM HANC ORNAVIT.

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantùm venientis ſibilus Auſtri,
Nec percuſſa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxoſas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

VIR. 5 EC.

To the celebrated Poet
JAMES THOMSON,
Near thoſe Fountains in which he delighted
William Shenſtone
Rais'd this ſeat.

What preſent worth thy verſe can Mopſus find,
Not the ſoft whiſpers of the ſouthern wind,
That play thro' trembling trees, delight me more;
Nor murm'ring billows on the founding ſhore;
Nor winding ſtreams that thro' the valley glide;
And the ſcarce cover'd pebbles gently chide.

DRYDEN.

Every object of the grove, from this ſweet ſeat, combines its force to delight the eye and bewilder the imagination. On our left the diſtant proſpect of the foaming CASCADE, falls in ſilver ſheets oe'r craggy rocks, till unbending its ruffled brow, it glides in a ſmoothly flowing ſtream; when, meeting with interrupting breakers, it rolls down in two ſeparate diviſions, leaving an enchanting little iſland between them. Uniting again and continuing a devious courſe, the ſmiling current, once more intercepted, precipitately tumbles down a ragged ſteep, and conceals itſelf under the arch of a bridge of the moſt ſimple conſtruction.

The lines of Mr. SHENSTONE's friend, Mr. DODSLEY, are here peculiarly applicable:

" —— from the congregated waters pour'd,
" The burſting torrent tumbles down the ſteep
" In foaming fury; fierce, irregular,
" Wild, interrupted, croſs'd with rocks and roots,
" And interwoven trees; till, ſoon abſorb'd
" An opening cavern all its rage entombs.

To

To the right (on the oppoſite ſide) we are equally pleaſed with a dropping fountain, creeping through the moſſy veins of a wild ſtony maſs, and ſtealing down the ſhelving bounds into the opaque glen, charmingly interwoven with ſtately trees and bruſhing underwood.

The path from hence approaches a ſequeſtered ſpot, whereon formerly was a bench overhung with theſe lines:

O let me haunt this peaceful ſhade,
Nor let ambition e'er invade
The tenant of this leafy bow'r,
That ſhuns her paths, and ſlights her pow'r.

Hither the peaceful Halcyon flies,
From ſocial meads, and open ſkies;
Pleas'd by this rill her courſe to ſteer,
And hide her ſapphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropt with crimſon ſtains,
Forſakes the rivers' proud domains;
Forſakes the ſun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within this humble ſtream:

And ſure I hear the Naiad ſay,
" Flow, flow, my ſtream this devious way;
" Tho' lovely ſoft thy murmurs are,
" Thy waters lovely, cool, and fair.

" Flow gentle ſtream, nor let the vain
" Thy ſmall unſully'd ſtores diſdain;
" Nor let the penſive ſage repine,
" Whoſe latent courſe reſembles thine."

From hence, looking down towards the grove, we take in a ſmall proſpect of the Caſcade on the left, whilſt the rivulet ſtealing artleſsly through the flowry mead below, is juſt diſtinguiſhable amongſt the ſpreading branches of lofty trees.

We now return back nearly to Virgil's obeliſk, and thence deſcending, croſs over a wooden bridge, and are conducted by a winding path on the left, through a beauteous glen directly up to the Caſcade, which breaking at once fully on the view, arreſts us with ſudden admiration; the white foaming ſheet precipitately tumbling into a deep expanſe, buries for a moment its fury, and is contraſted by a ſmooth cryſtalline appearance; ſoon however interrupted by rude craggy rocks and ſtumps, which

again

again rouſe its hoarſe clamours, it bears along with added fury.

Advancing to the bottom of the fall, we find a rocky excavation, as if formed by the daſhing down of the Caſcade, within which, on the left ſide, we diſcover a ſtone ſeat and receſs; directly oppoſite to this, on the other ſide of the ſtream, roſe up the figure of Venus mentioned to have been deſtroyed:—Its ſtone foundation is yet diſcernible, and the pedeſtal which reſted thereon was embelliſhed with the following lines:

"SEMI EDUCTA VENUS."*

To Venus, Venus, here retir'd,
My ſober vows I pay;
Not her on Paphian plains admir'd,
The bold, the pert, the gay.

Not her whoſe amorous leer prevail'd
To bribe the Phrygian boy:
Nor her who clad in armour, ſail'd
To ſave diſaſt'rous Troy.

Freſh

---

* Venus, half abaſh'd, reveals
Thoſe charms her bluſh in vain conceals.

Freſh riſing from the foaming tide,
She every boſom warms:
While half withdrawn ſhe ſeems to hide,
And half reveals her charms.

Learn hence ye boaſtful ſons of taſte,
Who plan the rural ſhade;
Learn hence to ſhun the vicious waſte
Of pomp, at large diſplay'd.

Let coy reſerve with coſt unite,
To grace your wood or field;
No ray obtruſive pall the ſight,
In aught you paint or build.

And far be driv'n the ſumptuous glare
Of gold, from Britiſh groves;
And far the meretricious air,
Of China's vain alcoves.

'Tis baſhful beauty ever twines,
The moſt coercive chain;
'Tis ſhe that ſov'reign rule declines,
Who beſt deſerves to reign.

Quitting the receſs,* we find, on the left of the CASCADE, a ſmall ſtream, highly impregnated with mineral particles:—It iſſues from under a ſquare ſtone, bearing this inſcription:

FONS FERRUGINEUS
DIVAE QUÆ SECESSU ISTO
FRUI CONCEDIT
SALUTI.

The Mineral Spring,
Dedicated to the Goddeſs of Health,
In this retreat.

By an aſcent‡, between the receſs and chalybeate ſpring, we may mount up to the head of the CASCADE,

* This receſs formerly bore theſe lines:

"Intus Aquæ dulcis, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo;
"Nympharumque Domus."—— —— VIRGIL.

which, Mr. Dodſley ſays, Mr. Shenſtone uſed to term a complete definition of a grotto.

‡ It is not cuſtomary now to conduct company this way, but return from the foot of the Caſcade by a winding path, which runs occaſionally beſide the lake, till we are let out by a wicket into the road juſt oppoſite our firſt entrance.

CASCADE, where we are preſented with a view of the Lake, which ſupplies the fall, and beyond it ſome gently aſcending fields, blooming with verdure; a bench on the ſummit of the bank, which o'er-tops the Caſcade, has this line;

"Claudite jam rivos pueri, ſat prati liberunt."

VIR. 3 Ec.

Now dam the ditches, and the floods reſtrain,
Their moiſture has already drench'd the plain.

On the right, a path ſtrikes off through a wicket into the lawn, which ſurrounds the Houſe, but now only uſed by the family; we therefore deſcend by the Caſcade, and take the path on the left of the winding ſtream, which, although it conducts partly over ground we have already trodden, yet we are delighted with many new and pictureſque ſcenes, which preſent themſelves in our devious courſe, the rapid rivulet varies its form, and ſtrays with artleſs beauty through the flowery dell, often but juſt diſcernible amongſt the ſpreading branches of o'er-hanging trees.

After paſſing an arch our walk becomes obſcur'd: this gloomy path formerly led to a root houſe, concealed in a recluſive nook, which having been conſiderably impaired by the mouldering hand of time, was removed:—we cannot, however, avoid thus far noticing it, for ſake of the beauteous lines that were inſcribed within:

Here in cool grot and moſſy cell,
We rural fays, and fairies dwell;
Tho' rarely ſeen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, aſcending high,
Darts thro' yon limes her quivering beams,
We friſk it near theſe chryſtal ſtreams.

Her beams reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave;
The turf with daiſies border'd o'er,
Exceeds we wot the Parian floor;
Nor yet for artful ſtrains we call,
But liſten to the waters' fall.

Wou'd you then taſte our tranquil ſcene,
Be ſure your boſoms be ſerene;
Devoid of hate, devoid of ſtrife,
Devoid of all that poiſons life;
And much it 'vails you in this place,
To graft the love of human race.

And

And tread with awe theſe favour'd bow'rs,
Nor wound the ſhrubs, nor bruiſe the flow'rs;
So may your path with ſweets abound!
So may your couch with reſt be crown'd!
But harm betide the wayward ſwain,
Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane.

From this ſecluded ſpot we reſume our walk, winding occaſionally by the lake, which receives the ſtream from the Caſcade. Its form has all the pleaſing variety of nature, and is edged round by ſhrubs and trees, charmingly diſpoſed without the leaſt ſeeming regard to art.

We now diſcover the termination of our path, and are let out into the lane, juſt oppoſite the arched way by which we entered.

We have it in our power, however, to poſſeſs thoſe pleaſing ſcenes ſomewhat longer, and inſtead of riding back through the lane, and taking the high road to Hales-Owen, the horſes, &c. may be ſent on, and we can enjoy a moſt agreeable walk to the town. Entering the Leaſowes again, at the gate which firſt admitted us, and continuing our courſe till we paſs a little beyond the large lake,

the walk divides itſelf, when, avoiding our former route on the left, we ſtrike up the oppoſite path, which winds through ſome delightful meadows: from a ſpot upon a fine ſwell, we have the beſt proſpect of the houſe directly in front.

This neat building has been erected by the preſent proprietor, who, with a ſingular good taſte, at the ſame time that he made every neceſſary enlargement for giving a ſplendid reception to his family, has, by the ſimplicity of the deſign, preſerved every connective idea of the farm.—Indeed after the ſcenes which we have juſt enjoyed, where natural beauties alone have excited the moſt pleaſing ſenſations, to meet the glare of art, which an over-ornamented pile would preſent, could only raiſe diſguſt, and foil every intention of the deſigner. Quitting thoſe ſcenes we cannot avoid feeling a grateful regard for the embelliſher, or, in a manner, creator of the Leaſowes, the late Mr. SHENSTONE; —but what a degree of admiration muſt it excite to be informed, that 300l. per ann. was the extent of the income which Mr. SHENSTONE poſſeſſed, and how great muſt be our aſtoniſhment, that he could preſerve thereon the appearance of genteel rank, and

indulge

indulge in the decorations which his genius and fancy prompted.

Mr. SHENSTONE's remains are depoſited in Hales-Owen Church Yard; and within the Church is a handſome URN erected to his memory, adorned with the following

EPITAPH.

Whoe'er thou art, with reverence tread
Theſe ſacred manſions of the dead—
Not that the monumental buſt
Or ſumptuous tomb HERE guards the duſt
Of rich or great: (Let wealth, rank, birth,
Sleep undiſtinguiſh'd in the earth;)
This ſimple Urn records a name
That ſhines with more exalted fame.
Reader, if genius, taſte refin'd,
A native elegance of mind:
If virtue, ſcience, manly ſenſe;
If wit, that never gave offence;
The cleareſt head, the tend'reſt heart,
In thy eſteem e'er claim'd a part?
Ah! ſmite thy breaſt, and drop a tear,
For know, THY Shenſtone's duſt lies here.

It has been particularly fortunate, that the Leasowes have fallen into the hands of a gentleman of ſufficient taſte to cheriſh, and even heighten their beauties; and from whoſe congeniality of diſpoſition with that of the original arranger, there is little reaſon to fear their decline.—We cannot more forcibly impreſs this opinion, than by bringing to recollection the votive tribute which Mr. Horne has erected in the Wood-Houſe, *(vide p. 6)* to the memory of Mr. Shenstone; of which the following beautiful, and almoſt literal tranſlation, delivered impromptu by a gentleman of poetic taſte, cannot we hope, be deemed unacceptable:

" To him who made theſe beauteous ſcenes his own,
" Scenes, which before were rugged, and unknown;
" To him whoſe *genius* all thoſe beauties trac'd,
" Whoſe *learning* dignified, whoſe *manners* grac'd:
" Horne to his Shenstone's never-dying name,
" This ſeat, and rill devotes, and conſecrates to fame."

HAGLEY.

From the BIRMINGHAM CHRONICLE.

ODE to SIMPLICITY.

Written at the LEASOWES *on the 1ſt of Dec.* 1788.

HASTE modeſt nymph, forego thy moſs-crown'd cell,
Clad in thy milk-white veſt
Of artleſs texture, by the Graces dreſt:
Come ſeek the aduſt retreat of theſe lone groves,
Where SHENSTONE breath'd, ere Fate had rung his knell,
And join the requiem of confederate Loves.
Can you forget how oft in wooing you,
He artleſs led the Paſſions in a throng?
No ſuppliant ever felt a flame more true,
And Wit and Beauty mingled in his ſong.
Tho' Nepthe blaz'd, her brows with mirtle twin'd,
Not all her lovelineſs could ſhake his conſtant mind.
In the meridian of his quiet day,
When gentle Reaſon had matur'd his youth;
The relatives of Phœbus bleſs that lay
He ardent gave, and gave it with his truth.
Pure were his morals as the Patriarchs thought,
And heaven approv'd the dogma Fancy taught.
Ah, me! that breaſt which glow'd with patriot fire,
Beneath this graſs-green mantle lies entomb'd!
Cold is that nerve which harmoniz'd the lyre,
And all his bright'ning faculties conſum'd:
Come, then, ſuch fallen excellence deplore,
His harp's unſtrung, his minſtrelſy is o'er.

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

HAGLEY.

A

COMPANION

TO THE

LEASOWES, &c.

HAGLEY.

FROM the Leaſowes we are invited, both by its proximity and fame, to viſit the delightful park of HAGLEY. This favoured ſpot, once the retreat of the accompliſhed Lord LYTTLETON, as well as from being ſo frequently viſited and ſung by POPE, THOMSON, HAMMOND, &c. may be conſidered as truly claſſical ground.—The route thither from Hales-Owen is particularly beautiful, and would alone compenſate the ride.

Charmed

Charmed as we muſt be on viewing Hagley, yet a recollection of the taſte and genius of the nobleman to whom it owes its decorations, will leave little room for ſurpriſe at whatever may appear.

We enter by an extenſive avenue, riſing imperceptibly under the ſhade of limes, and other ſpreading trees, whoſe towering branches intermingling on high, exclude the noon tide beams, relieve the eye, and inſpire majeſtic expectations.—Nor are they in the leaſt diſappointed, when at the termination of the avenue, the manſion ſtrikes the view in full magnificence.—Our attention is arreſted to ſurvey this elegant pile, where grandeur is proved not to be incompatible with ſimplicity.

It is ſituated on a gentle riſe in the midſt of an extenſive lawn, the compoſition a white free-ſtone; the entrance at the principal front is by a double flight of ſteps with an elegant baluſtrade; at the corners riſe ſmall ſquare turrets; no fluted column or ſculptured capital appear, but plainneſs and ſolidity reign throughout; while every embelliſhment which genius could contrive, taſte ſelect, or the pencils of the moſt capital maſters beſtow, are found

found within. We ſhall, however, avoid entering until we have noticed the park and its environs, with the moſt ſtriking external objects.

On the North ſtand the offices and kitchen-garden, judiciouſly planted out of view by ſhrubbery, blended with evergreens and expanſive limes.

From the garden front the proſpect is beauty itſelf; directly oppoſite, but by the diſtance, ſo contrived as to enhance its beauty, a light column erects itſelf, which, having its baſe fixed on the brow of a hill, and being ſheltered behind by a ſtately grove, that deſcends on each ſide in ſemicircular form, gives us a perfect rural amphitheatre, and forms a ſcene truly pictureſque.

A little to the right, towards which the nodding grove ſeems to direct the eye, the church is ſituate; not only defended, but completely enveloped by venerable trees. From hence we behold a ſpacious lawn, ſkirted here and there with ivy'd oaks, &c. gradually ſwelling and riſing to a wood, which marks the boundaries of the park, and over its lofty ſummit the bold tops of the Clent Hills, breaking,

as

as it were, the immeaſurable limits of the horizon, finiſh the picture.

Reconducting our eye to the former proſpect of the column, we view on the left a deſcent, down which winds a ſtately grove. This may truly be ſaid to ariſe from the taſte and genius of the noble director, who has lopped of the exuberancies of nature, and, by means of kindred art, given it the moſt pleaſing form.

Beyond the top of the hill, another grove of ſmaller ſize opens, and preſents us with a clump of Scotch firs; after which the ſweeping lawn takes the appearance of a pleaſing vale, riſing by ſlow degrees, till it appears to reach the towering hills of Witchberry.

To the left of this beauteous hill, deeply emboſomed in firs, the TEMPLE OF THESEUS preſents itſelf; beyond it, on an eminence, riſes with peculiar dignity an Obeliſk, behind which extends a venerable grove of Oaks, "whoſe trunks "moſſed o'er with age," terminates this beauteous proſpect.

The

The PARISH CHURCH, a ſmall building of gothic ſtructure, ſecluded amid encircling trees, next demands our obſervation :—

'Beneath this ancient *pile*, whoſe gothic tower
'Pale ivy claſps, and circling elms embower,
'Reſts his pale head, who firſt theſe beauties plann'd
'And rais'd this Eden with his foſtering hand—
'Dumb the ſoft muſic of his tuneful tongue,
'On which the liſtening ſwains enraptur'd hung;
'That heart, which lately leapt at beauty's name,
'That glow'd with virtue's, friendſhip's pureſt flame,
'Beats now no more—let thoughtleſs man attend,
'And mark the point where all his triumphs end!
'With mournful pomp, by his unconſcious ſide,
'Cold as her urn, reclines his beauteous bride;
'To whoſe fair memory flowed the tendereſt tear,
'That ever trembled o'er the female bier:
'O let congenial language pauſe, and weep,
'Where beauty, genius, worth, in ſilence, ſleep!'

T. MAURICE.

The finiſhed inſide beſpeaks the artiſt; the chancel windows are of beautifully ſtained glaſs, which, although modern, yields neither for colouring or brightneſs to any of ancient production.

Amongſt

Amongſt ſeveral elegant monuments, that erected by GEORGE Lord Lyttelton, to the memory of his beloved LUCINDA, is of ſuperior execution—'Twas deſigned by Mr. *Dayrolles*, and bears this inſcription from his Lordſhip's pen: —

To the Memory of Lucy Lyttelton,
Daughter of Hugh Forteſcue, of Filleagh,
in the county of Devon, Eſq.
Father to the preſent Earl of Clinton,
by Lucy his wife,
The daughter of Matthew, Lord Aylmer,
Who departed this life the 19th January, 1746-7,
Aged XXIX.
Having employed the ſhort time aſſigned to her,
In the uniform practice of religion and virtue.

Made to engage all hearts and charm all eyes,
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wiſe;
Polite, as ſhe in courts had ever been,
Yet good, as ſhe the world had never ſeen.
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentleſt female tenderneſs combin'd:
Her ſpeech, was the melodious voice of love:
Her ſong, the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was ſweeter than her ſong,
Soft as her heart, and as her reaſon ſtrong.
Her form, each beauty of her mind expreſt;
Her mind was virtue by the graces dreſt.

The reverence this worthy nobleman paid to the memory of his amiable partner, in this beautiful epitaph, is likewiſe finely expreſſed in a monody, and ſeveral other pieces; which, whilſt they breathe forth the ſweeteſt elogies to the loſt object of his pure deſires, return with tenfold force upon himſelf. On the ſame monument is a correſponding epitaph in Latin.

Nearer to the communion table is a white marble ſlab, thus engraved:

" This unadorned ſtone was placed here by the particular
" deſire, and expreſs direction of the late
" Rt. Hon.
" GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON,
" who died Auguſt 24, 1773, aged 64."

From the church we may take the path leading to the garden, which is elegantly laid out, where we find an Alcove with a room behind it, and, on one ſide, a very beautiful, undedicated urn.

Paſſing on, cloſe to the garden pales, in a narrow walk, well ſhaded by overhanging trees, we have a bold riſing lawn, where the eye is attracted by

an airy alcove, to the right of which is a ſtately obeliſk, (both within his Lordſhip's grounds,) but out of the limits of the park.

Purſuing this track, which verges on the left hand of the park, we are brought to

THOMSON's SEAT,

an octangular temple, erected as much to teſtify his Lordſhip's eſteem, as to commemorate the merit of this admired bard.* It bears the following inſcription:

Ingenio

---

* The author of the Seaſons gratefully notices thoſe charming ſcenes and their amiable owners, in his immortal poem of Spring;

"Theſe are the ſacred feelings of thy heart,
"Thy heart inform'd by reaſon's purer ray,
"O LYTTELTON, the friend! thy paſſions thus
"And meditations vary, as at large,
"Courting the Muſe, thro' *Hagley Park* thou ſtrayeſt;
"Thy *Britiſh Tempe!* There along the dale,
"With woods o'er-hung, and ſhagg'd with moſſy rocks,
"Whence on each hand the guſhing waters play,
"And down the rough caſcade white-daſhing fall,
"Or gleam in lengthened viſta thro' the trees,

"You

Ingenio immortali
JACOBI THOMSON;
Poetæ ſublimis;
Viri boni;
Ædiculam hanc, in feceſſu, Quem vivus dilexit,
Poſt mortem ejus conſtructam
Dicat dedicatque
GEORGIUS LYTTELTON.

To the immortal genius
Of JAMES THOMSON,
A ſublime poet,
And a good man;
This Temple (built after his deceaſe)
In the receſs, which, when living, he delighted in,
Is erected and dedicated,
By GEORGE LYTTELTON.

" You ſilent ſteal; or ſit beneath the ſhade
" Of ſolemn oaks, that tuft the ſwelling mounts
" Thrown graceful round by Nature's careleſs hand,
" And penſive liſten to the various voice
" Of rural peace; the herds, the flocks, the birds,
" The hollow-whiſpering breeze, the plaint of rills,
" That, purling down amid the twiſted roots
" Which creep around, their dewy murmurs ſhake
" On the ſooth'd ear.——

The ſloping lawn from hence ſinks gradually into the bottom of a fine grove, over the top of which, on a bold riſing hill, peers a correſponding grove, ſeated on ſo lofty an eminence, that its trunks appear above the heads of the trees beneath; through an opening of which, Pope's building riſes to great advantage, while the well known hills of Malvern, terminate the proſpect.—Almoſt cloſe to this temple of Thomſon is a ſmall ſeat under a tree, from whence (to the left) may be diſcerned part of the ruin.

Deſcending on the left, from the ſeat of the author of the Seaſons, the path runs by the edge of a large precipice, from which we are defended by a cloſe paling.—It appears a rocky excavation, and, from beneath, riſe up ſome ſtately pines, whoſe pleaſing appearance diſſipates the terror which the naked cavity muſt excite. From hence we reach a ſeat with a ſmall draw-well in front, and a fine proſpect of the woods and lawn; behind it, ſeated in the centre of a neat garden, is

THE VICARAGE HOUSE,

with Gothic windows, which, though a little out of the bounds of the park, gives an agreeable variety.

Following

Following the winding path, which conducts along the edge of the park, under the umbrage of lofty elms, ſkirted on the left by humbler hazle and hawthorn, we meet a walk ſtriking off to the right, which leads us to a ſeat, from whence we look down a deep glen thickly planted with trees; croſſing an opening in the glen, and continuing our route, we come to

THE ROTUNDA,

an elegant ſtructure of eight Doric columns, ſupporting a handſome dome, and ſeated on the eminence of a fine ſloping lawn.

From a bench behind this dome, looking down the lawn, we perceive ſome beauteous reſervoirs of the moſt lucid water, deeply ſhaded with large trees and thick ſet ſhrubs, the whole forming the moſt agreeable viſta in nature, terminated by a delightful view of the Palladian Bridge.—The woods are now grown ſo lofty as to exclude the proſpect of the Clent Hills and Ruin, which riſe up behind us. Purſuing our route a little way to the left, we find a bench, from whence we view an extenſive lawn, completely bounded by ſurrounding umbrage:—This ſcene ſtrikes us with ſomewhat of the regularity

of art, which is yet heightened by two ſpreading oaks riſing up in front, at nearly equal diſtance from the ſides; and, in the middle, under the ſhade of the ſkirting wood, appears a handſome white Alcove.

From this ſeat we deſcend to the centre of a dark ſolitary glen, where,

> Rude and irregular the branches ſpread
> Of lofty trees, which proudly rear the head—
> Vainly inſulting in huge pomp they grow,
> And lord it o'er their mould'ring ſires below,
> Whilſt trickling down the ſides of ſloping hills,
> Slow iſſuing currents fall in tinkling rills.

Striking through the glen we are led, by a path on the right running along the edge of the wood, to a SEAT at the foot of a venerable Oak, from whence, over the trees which riſe in the glen, we look up to the Rotunda we have left, crowning the ſloping lawn, and itſelf o'er-topp'd by the lofty branches of towering oaks:—This ſeat, ſo charmingly ſituated, is thus aptly inſcribed:

LIBET

LIBET JACERE MODO SUB ANTIQUA ILICE
MODO IN TENACI GRAMINE:
LABUNTUR ALTIS INTERIM RIVIS AQUÆ
QUÆRUNTUR IN SYLVIS AVES;
FONTESQUE LYMPHIS OBSTREPUNT MANANTIBUS
SOMNOS QUOD INVITET LEVES
Hor. Epod. 2.

Beneath an Oak's embow'ring ſhade,
Or on the graſs behold us laid:
While near there rolls a rapid flood,
The ſongſters warbling in the wood,
And gurgling down the verdant ſteep,
Caſcades prolong our balmy ſleep.

Winding from hence, by a path on the left thro' a kind of Arcadian deſart, we reach a double bench, from whence we look up a verdant ſlope, bounded on each ſide by full grown oaks, and cloſed at the extremity by ſome of inferior ſize; behind thoſe abruptly riſes a lofty hill, ſwelling out with a beautiful convexity of the ſmootheſt verdure, and crowned with a clump of firs aſpiring to the clouds. Conducting the eye along the trees on our right, we diſcern, under their friendly umbrage, a lonely

URN,

URN, which is dedicated to the memory of POPE: Nothing can be finer than its ſituation beneath the drooping boughs; every ſurrounding object diſpoſes the mind to the moſt awful impreſſions.

Proceeding up the path way we next reach a

DORIC PORTICO,

upheld by ſquare pillars, ſituated on the top of a very high and beautiful lawn, bounded on all ſides by a grove; nor is water wanting to embelliſh the ſcene, a ſmall lake in the adjoining valley being diſcovered through the foliage beneath.

Directing our view over the trees on the left, we catch ſight of the Octangular Temple, juſt diſcernible amidſt the embowering foliage, beyond which, to the right, on an eminence much higher than our ſituation, the OBELISK majeſtically erects itſelf, and, as if diſdainful of all competition, diſcovers its baſe, ſeated on a verdant ſpot, above the ſummit of the loftieſt Oaks, whilſt its top is loſt amid the clouds which o'er-hang the woods ſtretched out behind. This Portico is called POPE's BUILDING, and bears the following motto:

QUIETI

QUIETI ET MUSIS.

To Retirement and the Muſes.

Quitting the Portico, and winding along the favourite walk of POPE, which runs deviouſly thro' the grove, we arrive at a bench, which preſents us with a view, beyond the oppoſite trees, of a beautiful plain, extending itſelf, on one ſide, to the hills of Witchbury, and over the firs with which this hill is crowned, the diſtant Wrekin uprears its cloudy front.

Our walk continues to an opening, from whence we have a diſtant view of the Houſe, which appears as if ſeated in a wilderneſs, and ſhews itſelf with additional luſtre, while the ſnowy-headed mountains of Wales, rearing their high tops amongſt the duſky clouds, terminate the proſpect.

The path, winding along the vale, through a thick planted grove, leads to a riſing hill, on the level ſummit of which we meet a deſired ſeat; around us an immenſe proſpect enchants the eye, and the following lines from Milton, charm and relieve the mind:

" Theſe

" Theſe are thy glorious works, parent of good,
" Almighty! thine, this univerſal frame,
" Thus wond'rous fair; thyſelf how wond'rous then!
" Unſpeakable, who ſits above the heavens,
" To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
" In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
" Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and power divine."

It would be vain attempting to deſcribe the beauties of the unbounded ſcenes before us:—a Milton's ſtrains could ſcarce convey their picture.* We ſhall content ourſelves with preſenting the words of THOMSON:

" ——— the height, from whoſe fair brow
" The burſting proſpect ſpreads immenſe around:
" And ſnatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
" And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
" And villages emboſom'd ſoft in trees,
" And ſpiry towns by ſurging columns mark'd
" Of houſhold ſmoke, your eye excurſive roams:
" Wide-ſtretching from the *Hall*, in whoſe kind haunt
" The *Hoſpitable Genius* lingers STILL,

To

* It is to be obſerved that to enjoy this ſcene in its fulleſt luſtre, we ſhould view it juſt after ſun riſe.

" To where the broken landſkip, by degrees,
" Aſcending, roughens into rigid hills;
" O'er which the *Cambrian* mountains, like far clouds
" That ſkirt the blue horizon, duſky riſe."

Purſuing a ſhady path, which riſes gently on the left, we for ſome time proceed along the brow of a ſloping hill, from which we have a view of a country, rich beyond meaſure, and variouſly tufted o'er with trees. From hence our walk gradually deſcends by the edge of a wood o'erhanging ſome ponds, where, turning to the left, we reach a ſeat, directly at whoſe foot appears a piece of water, every way ſurrounded by embowering trees, giving us the enjoyment of a complete ſecluſion: at its extremity riſes a ſmall iſland, nearly covered by a ſolitary oak, o'er-caſed with ivy. Paſſing round this pond we re-enter the path we had left, and are conducted along the ſide of another piece of water to a vaulted receſs, whoſe entrance is defended by moſs grown trunks. From this the path directs us by the edge of the pond, up a ſteep aſcent, to

THE HERMITAGE:

This ſeems a luxury which pomp inſpir'd,
In envy of the peaſant's lowly cot.

And

And here might diſappointed ambition exclaim with the poet:

> "*Sick of the world*, contented would I dwell
> Beneath theſe roofs, and bid *its pomp* farewell;
> Here innocence and peace ſhould crown my days,
> And my fond heart forget its throb of praiſe:
> No longer conſcious to the taſte of blood,
> The fruits of earth ſhould be my humbler food;
> My thirſt I'd ſlake in yon tranſlucent ſtream,
> With GOD my guide, my guardian and my theme.".

This ſecluded cell, apparently reared with the ſimpleſt materials of nature, blaſted ſtumps and unhewn trunks of trees, whoſe fiſſures ſtopped up with earth and moſs of various hues, give it every appearance of a work of neceſſity;—ſuch as we might imagine the hand of Selkirk reared, in Juan Fernandez.*

The inſide of this wild maſs is preciſely ſimilar to its exterior, and is ſurrounded by a rude wooden bench: the light has admittance only by the door, the

---

* The Iſle where the ſcene of *Robinſon Cruſoe* is laid.

the floor is paved, and the moſs-clad walls have no other relief from furniture, than what is afforded by the humble bench which extends the length of the apartment, and a ſmall board above it, containing theſe lines from the PENSEROSO of MILTON:

And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage;
The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell
Of every ſtar that Heav'n doth ſhew,
And every herb that ſips the dew:
'Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures melancholy give,
And I with thee will chuſe to live.

Formerly there was an inner apartment which contained a pallet and mat, but through decay removed, and a fir tree is planted on its ſite. The ſituation itſelf juſtly correſponds with the architecture, being cloſely environed by the moſt beautiful grove within the demeſne, intermixed with elms, cheſnuts and oaks; the left ſide adjoins the confines of the park, and the proſpect to the right, cloſely bounded in by a ſequeſtered grove, is ſheltered by an o'er-hanging hill.

From

From the entrance of the Hermitage we are inexpreſſibly delighted with two enchanting proſpects, one peering over the branching heads of the trees, preſents us with a diſtant view of the country, where a few cottages interſperſed between riſing hills, add beauty to the rural landſcape;—our other view under the ſhade of their umbrage, gives a nearer and more confined (tho' no leſs pleaſing) proſpect of opening vales and ſpreading lawns.

From the Hermitage the path deſcends, winding under the ſhade into the hollow, and continuing that to the right, which leads up by the environ of the park, we come to a rough Concave Recess with a ſemicircular ſeat, over which, rudely indented in the mortar wall, are the words

OMNIA VANITAS.

All is Vanity.

Before us we have a deep glen, out of which the lofty aſh, and ſpreading elms thickly riſe, amid whoſe towering branches, as in a ſacred retreat, a colony of rooks have fixed their home, and, by their unceaſing cawings, add to the wildneſs of the ſcene.—Every object conſpires to contemplation,

and

and the force of the following lines may here be juſtly felt:

" Mortal! whoſe foot my hallow'd haunt pervades
" Approach the genius of theſe awful ſhades:
" And learn—how vain the monarch's purple ſtate,
" How low the boaſted triumphs of the great;
" Compar'd with raptures which content inſpires,
" When wiſdom guides the mind, and virtue fires—
" Ye blinded wretches who for glory brave
" The battles roar, and ſtem the raging wave;
" And ye who fired with boundleſs thirſt of gain
" Tempt the dark mine, or tread the burning plain,
" To this lone ſpot retire, and know that ALL IS VAIN."

T. MAURICE.

From this receſs, continuing our walk above the glen, we gradually mount, in a winding direction, to a ſeat, behind which a gate lets us out of the park to one of the loftieſt of the Clent hills, completely verdant, and, from whoſe ſummit, we ſhall find a proſpect that will abundantly gratify the labour of the aſcent. Returning to the park we are immediately ſtruck with a view of

THE RUIN,

encompaſſed by venerable trees; upon nearer view we are confirmed in every idea of decayed magnificence

cence which it diſtantly inſpired. Here antiquity ſeems to have laid his heavy hand with added weight. The maſſy ſtones tumbled from its mouldering walls, the tottering, looſe, o'erbending towers, and the thick rooted ivy, with which it is nearly covered, aid our firſt belief. But, upon cloſe inſpection, how great our ſurpriſe, to find it proves a modern ſtructure, founded on utility, and erected for a lodge, at the ſame time ſo happily diſpoſed, as to render it a material object from many different points of view.

If we are aſtoniſhed at the greatneſs of the deſign, and its happy effect, how much ſhould we admire the copious imagination of the projector?

One of the towers being left entire, has a moſt happy effect, by allowing ſcope to the imagination, to ſuppoſe what the noble pile might once have been, from contemplating its preſent ſtate.

Within the tower, which is left complete, a winding ſtair-caſe conducts to the top, which affords an opportunity of ſurveying a proſpect, that, for grandeur, variety, and extent, is no where rivalled.

By

By the path in front of the ruin, we reach a TUMULUS, ſurrounded by large old trees, having in the centre a ſlender aſh, encompaſſed by a circular bench.—The ſcenes, except to the ſouth and weſt, are ſhut out by the luxuriant growth of woods: South-weſt the duſky heads of the Welſh mountains extend; on the ſouth a church and village juſt riſe o'er a richly wooded plain, beyond which a finely cultivated country ſtretches away to the bounding horizon. Returning toward the Caſtle, and deſcending by a path on the ſouth ſide, we again croſs the deep dell, and reach the favourite ſeat of POPE, placed round the foot of a lofty oak, cloſe to a dropping fount.

Thickly planted trees every way bound an irregular lawn, and, ſhutting out all other objects, rivet our attention on that immediately before us, an URN, ornamented with cluſtering branches of the vine, in bas relief, which Lord Lyttelton gratefully dedicated to the memory of a poet, whoſe talents have made immortal, and whoſe friendſhip, while living, he was proud to cultivate.—The pedeſtal of the URN is inſcribed with the following lines, from the claſſic pen of his Lordſhip:

ALEXANDRO POPE,
Poetarum Anglicanorum
Elegantiſſimo, Dulciſſimoque;
Vitiorum Caſtigatori Acerrimo,
Sapientiæ Doctori Suaviſſimo,
Sacra Eſto.
Ann. Dom. 1744.

Sacred to the Memory
OF ALEXANDER POPE,
The ſweeteſt and moſt elegant
Of Engliſh Poets,
The ſevereſt chaſtiſer of vice,
And the moſt perſuaſive teacher of wiſdom.

From this hallowed ſpot we find the deſcent more ſteep; the Rotunda meets our view afreſh, our route continues by the ſide of the dell, and, in a ſecluded ſituation, we reach a ſeat, placed under a lofty oak, bearing theſe lines, from Horace's 18 Ep. 1 Book,

Inter cuncta leges, et percontabere doctos,
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum,
Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum,
Quid pure tranquillet, honos, an dulce lucellum
An ſecretum iter, et fallentis ſemita Vitæ.

" Say,

" Say, mortal, does thy ſoul for wiſdom burn?
" For this the mighty volume doſt thou turn?
" Ah ceaſe the vain reſearch, and rather ſtrive
" To learn the nobler ſcience—how to live—
" The pangs of care and anguiſh how aſſuage,
" And quell impetuous paſſion's headſtrong rage;
" Wealth, wiſdom, glory, never can beſtow
" Sublimer pleaſures than from virtue flow.
" Haſte then, fond man, to this ſequeſter'd gloom,
" And ſteal thro' life, in ſilence, to the tomb."

T. MAURICE.

Taking the path behind this ſeat, we are conducted, in a winding courſe, to an URN, fronted by a piece of water, and dedicated

To the Memory of
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq.
In whoſe verſes
Were all the natural graces,
And in whoſe manners
Was all the amiable ſimplicity
Of paſtoral poetry,
With the ſweet tenderneſs
Of the elegiac.

On quitting this lovely ſpot, an aperture diſcovers a PORTICO, ſuſtained by ruſtic pillars, ſituated on a ſteep aſcent, encloſed by a wide-ſpreading grove. From a ſeat directly in front, we look up a piece of water to the Rotunda, and in the oppoſite direction, along a beautiful Viſta, terminated by the Palladian Bridge.

This ſeat is exactly mid-way of the proſpect from the Rotunda, mentioned in page 11.

Turning to the left, by a path winding gracefully along the ſide of the water, we arrive at the environ of the GROTTO, which entering through a ſmall wicket, we find ourſelves in the boſom of the moſt enchanting rural ſolitude.

From a bench at the foot of a large ſpreading oak, we ſurvey the whole to great advantage; various irregular walks are interſperſed amid lofty trees, and clumps of ever-greens;—rude rocks project, beneath which, and the moſs grown banks, ſeveral Alcoves appear: in the moſt conſiderable (a large concave, with a ſemi-circular bench, and on either hand two ſmall receſſes) are placed theſe lines:

——————— Ego laudo ruris amœni
Rivos, et muſco circumlita ſaxa nemuſque.

I pride to ſit, where the ſtream plaintive roves
Thro' plains, thro' moſs-grown rocks, and nodding groves.

On this delightful retirement the noble deſigner appears to have laviſhed every decoration which taſte could beſtow, to heighten its original beauties. Nature, indeed, laid the ground-work, but art enlivened the colouring; yet ſo juſtly are they blended, that they defy even the eye of criticiſm to ſeparate them.

Looking up on the right, o'er banks enamelled with flowers, under the ſhade of laurel and other ſhrubs, we catch ſight of a beautiful Medicean Venus, as newly riſen from the foam, protected behind by an artleſs, rocky niche; while

THE CASCADE,

on the bold oppoſing ſhore, iſſuing from a rock, and ruſhing with violence over huge ragged ſtones, darkened by the thick over-ſpreading branches of large trees, ſtrikes, with ſolemn ſplendor, on the

eye and ear;—the ſtream ſmoothing its ſurface by degrees, winds in ſoft murmurs down the vale, and loſes itſelf amidſt a thicket of laurels.

In this deep receſs, where the ſun ſcarce enters, moſs-clad banks invite to repoſe, and we are ſaluted with the fragrant effluvia of wild flowers, which profuſely adorn the banks, whilſt every gentle breeze, like an attendant zephyr, wafts around their perfumes.

Quitting this elyſium, we keep to the right of the water, at the edge of an irregular ſloping lawn, whoſe ſummit, begirt with firs, and crowned with Thomſon's Octangular Temple, captivates the eye by its peculiar grace.

A ſmall wicket invites us again to enter the environ of the Grotto, and its extent yields a freſh variety.——From a bench, ſheltered by the ſhading branches of an oak, whoſe enormous magnitude, and lacerated trunk, indicates the remoteſt antiquity, we catch an attractive view of this contemplative retirement.

This

This enchanting ſituation, graced with the richeſt ſhrubs, and heightened by the view of another CASCADE, falling rapidly from rock to rock down the emboſomed vale, fills the mind with amazement and delight, till a ROTUNDA, riſing up at an agreeable diſtance, attracts the ſight and terminates the lovely proſpect.

Though we ſhould ſcarcely ſuppoſe it poſſible for this ſcene to be heightened, yet, deſcending a little, we diſcover freſh beauties: at the extremity of a ſuperb ſheet of water, cloſe emboſomed with full grown trees, ſtands

THE PALLADIAN BRIDGE,

whoſe arches ſeem to engulph the lake. The Bridge ſupports a light airy ALCOVE, crowned with lofty umbrage, which completely bounds our view. After indulging in the enjoyment of this proſpect, we are tempted to viſit this Alcove, which we find inſcribed:

——————— Viridantia Tempe,
Tempe, quæ ſylvæ cingunt ſuper impendentes.

Delightful vales! with verdure ever crown'd,
Where ſhady trees the flowing ſtreams ſurround.

The

The beauty of the ſcene from the Alcove is undeſcribable:—Every thing which the foreſt, ſtream, lawn, or architect could give, here conſpire to yield delight. — Never was a work of the kind ſo happily imagined, or executed with ſuch admirable effect.

Tho' thro' the ſcene rude wildneſs ſtands diſplay'd,
'Tis ſtill mere Art, in Nature's garb array'd.

From hence we are conducted through a narrow paſs, along the lawn, by the margin of a murmuring rill, whoſe ſteepy banks, compoſed of large rocky ſubſtances, ſeem as if rent aſunder by ſome ſubterraneous irruption of nature, whilſt on either ſide a guſhing Caſcade adds to the ſolemnity of the whole.

Water ſcenes ever afford an agreeable variety in landſcapes, and more particularly ſo when they ſtrike the eye unexpectedly, when they burſt from craggy rocks and roll in rapid broken torrents thro' rough channels caſt in nature's coarſeſt mould, till having ſpent their foaming wrath in circling eddies, they turn, by ſlow degrees, to ſoft meandering ſtreams.

The

The ponds before noticed, receiving the ſupply of various ſprings, are the ſources or reſervoirs, which gave birth to the ſeveral Caſcades.

From hence we ſtrike acroſs the lawn, to

THE COLUMN,

which ſupports an elegant Statue of FREDERICK, the late Prince of Wales, his Majeſty's father.

This elegant ornament riſes from an eminence already noticed, and demands no leſs obſervance and admiration than many of its neighbouring beauties.

From this ſpot me may again proceed to the Alcove, from whence a path directs to the Houſe, which now finally attracts our attention.

Caſting a farewell glance over the ſurrounding objects, we may naturally exclaim,—

What fancied landſcape in its richeſt dye,
Can with ſuch varied ſcenes preſume to vie?
Where nature, art, and judgment all combine,
And join'd by aid ſupreme, appear divine.

We

We now pay a viſit to

THE MANSION,

whoſe decorations, particularly merit our regard; beſides the collection of valuable original paintings and ſculpture, the library is diſpoſed with much taſte, and contains a ſelection of the beſt ancient and modern authors, particularly poets and hiſtorians; and we willingly ſubſcribe to the juſt remarks of the poetical deſcriber of Hagley:*

"Here live the reverend ſages of mankind,
"Whoſe works delighted, or inform'd the mind;
"The laurel'd offspring of immortal Rome
"Live here, and with their preſence guard the dome!
"Here too her later ſons not leſs in fame,
"Whoſe fingers wak'd to life the pencil'd frame,
"Or ſoften'd into ſenſe the rugged ſtone,
"And flouriſh'd 'midſt creations of their own."

An elegant flight of ſteps conducts us into a magnificent Hall, adorned with highly finiſhed ſtuccoing and ſculpture.

PAINT-

---

* The Rev. T. Maurice of Oxford, who publiſhed in 1776, Hagley, a deſcriptive poem.

PAINTINGS, SCULPTURES, &c.

Over the Chimney.

PAN courting DIANA, with the offering of a goat's fleece—in bas relievo, after a picture of Carlo Maratti, by Vaſſali.

Medallions and ornaments by ditto in ſtucco.

The ſculpture of the chimney piece, in ſtone, is finely executed, by Lovel; if aught exceptionable, the figures ſupporting the pediment ſeem labouring too much.

Statues in Scaglione, copied at Florence from the antiques in the Grand Duke of Tuſcany's gallery: they conſiſt of a *Dancing Faunus*, and *Ganymede* in the niches on the right hand of the entrance, and the *Medicean Venus*, and a *Mercury* in thoſe on the left.

In the corners, on high pedeſtals, two fine marble buſtos, genuine antiques, dug out of Herculaneum.

Six other beautiful buſtos in white marble on ſuitable pedeſtals; two of them of *Rubens* and *Vandyke*, finely executed by Ryſbraak.

The medallions and decorations in bas relief are finiſhed in a ſuperior ſtyle.

PARLOUR.

Over the Chimney.

Lord Keeper LYTTELTON, Baron Mounſlow; by Wright, a three quarter length.

On his left hand, Admiral SMITH; whole length, by R. Wilſon.

Further

Further to the left, a fine three quarter length of Sir R. Lyttelton, K. B. by Pompeco Battoni, the colouring exquisite.

Under this, a landſcape, being that part of the Villa Madama near Rome, where the Paſtor Fido was firſt acted; by Richard Wilſon.

On the right of the Chimney.

A whole length of JUDGE LYTTELTON in his robes, author of the book of Tenures, commented upon by Coke.—This is a copy of a picture in the Middle Temple Hall, by Cornelius Jonſen, taken from painted glaſs, in the window of Frankley church.—At Frankley the Lytteltons were anciently ſeated.

On the right of this, Dr. Charles Lyttelton, Biſhop of Carliſle; by Ramſay.

Further to the right, the preſent LORD WESTCOTE, when Governor of Jamaica; by Wilſon.

Next, a full length of Thomas Lord Lyttelton, in his robes. The head, which is expreſſive and animated, by Brompton, the reſt by Coſway.

To the right of this, an half length of Miſs Heſter Lyttelton, now Mrs. Fitzmaurice, ſiſter of Lord Weſtcote; by Robinſon.

Over the right hand door.

A ſmall half length of George Lord Lyttelton, in his robes, holding a roll; a good likeneſs, by Weſt.

Over

Over the oppoſite door.

The celebrated Lucy Lady Lyttelton; an indifferent likeneſs, by Williams.

Under, Lord Weſtcote and Mrs. Fitzmaurice's pictures.

Two landſcapes of Zuccarelli.

GALLERY.

Over the parlour door.

Miſs Stuart, afterwards Dutcheſs of Richmond; by Sir Peter Lely, or his beſt ſcholar Greenhill.

To the left of this door.

Sir William Fairfax, a three quarter length; by old Stone.

Further to the left, Lady Lyttelton, daughter of ſaid Sir Wm. and firſt wife to Sir Charles Lyttelton, grandfather to Lord Weſtcote; by Lely.

Next, Sir Charles Lyttelton, grandfather to Lord Weſtcote; a good picture, by Riley.

To the left of this, the Dutcheſs of Buckingham, daughter of Lord Fairfax; by Sir Anthony Vandyke, an excellent picture.

Further on, John Lyttelton, grandfather to Sir Charles; by Zuccaro, on a pannel.

On the right of the parlour door.

The Counteſs of Exeter; by Vandyke; extremely animated.

To the right of this, Lord Brounker, and *further on*, the Counteſs of Southeſk; both by Lely.

Over the Chimney.

A Virgin and Infant Chriſt; a beautiful picture, but doubtful whether an original of Vandyke, or a copy from him, by old Stone.

On the right of the Chimney.

The Counteſs of Suffolk, and *further on* an excellent picture of the unfortunate DUKE OF MONMOUTH; both by Lely.

Next to this, Miſs Browne, ſiſter of Sir George Browne; by ditto.

Over the drawing room door.

The Counteſs of Bedford; by Vandyke.

To the right of this, Sir Chriſtopher Mims, an Admiral killed in one of the Dutch wars; by Vander Zoeſt; a good picture, but conſiderably impaired.

Further to the right, the PRINCESS OF ORANGE, mother to William III; by Gerard Hantorſh, in fine preſervation.

Next, Lord Treaſurer, Sir Thomas Clifford; by old Stone, extremely animated, but rather injured.

To the right of this, OLIVER CROMWELL, a ¾ length, in armour, with Sir Peter Temple as a page, tying on his ſcarf. This is an excellent copy, by Jervis, from the original,

ginal, in the rich family into which Oliver's daughter Frances was married.

On the right of Cromwell, Lady Barrymore with her ſon; by Lely.

DRAWING ROOM.

This is furniſhed with tapeſtry repreſenting birds, and the colours extremely fine.

Over the Chimney.

Pulteney, Earl of Bath, in his robes; by Ramſay.

On the left of the Chimney.

The Earl of Cheſterfield; by Vanloo.

On the right of the Chimney.

Temple, Lord Cobham; by ditto.

Over the right hand door.

Mr. Henry Pelham, in his robes, as Chancellor of the Exchequer; by Shakelton.

Over the oppoſite door.

Lord Chancellor Hardwicke; by Ramſay.

The Ceiling, by Cipriani——it is unneceſſary to mention the fineneſs of the execution.—It repreſents FLORA holding a chaplet and ſcattering flowers, with zephyrs hovering round her in the air. At the corners the Seaſons are repreſented by ſportive Cupids.

SALOON.

SALOON.

Over the door from the drawing room.

KING CHARLES I. by old Stone, in high preſervation. *Oppoſite*, his Queen, HENRIETTA MARIA; painter doubtful.

Over the Chimney.

The CHILDREN OF CHARLES I. by Vandyke, extremely fine.—The maſtiff upon which Prince Charles leans inimitably executed.

On the right of the Chimney.

The marriage of NEPTUNE and CYBELE; theſe two figures by Rubens, the reſt of the groupe and embelliſhments by Teniers.

On the left of the door from the Hall.

Hay, Lord CARLISLE; full length, by Vandyke.

On the right of the Hall door.

The Counteſs of PORTLAND; full length, by Vandyke.—The hands and drapery in his uſual inimitable manner.

On the right of this.

JACOB AND HIS FAMILY JOURNEYING; by Giacamo Baſſano.

Further to the right, Venus reconciled to Pſyche, by TITIAN.

GREEN

GREEN DRESSING ROOM.

Over the door into the bed-chamber.

Charles II. painter unknown. *To the left*, his Queen, Catherine of Portugal; by Ruſſel.

To the left of this, a lady unknown; by Lely.

Underneath, a landſcape; by Wotton.

On the left of the bed-chamber door.

A landſcape, on the ſame ſubject as the Arcadia of Pouſſin, but differently treated; by Cipriani.

To the left of this, Pompey's head brought to Cæſar; by Dr. Wall, a phyſician and ſelf-taught painter.

Two ſmall heads, one of Major Lyttelton, brother to Sir Charles, the other of Thomas, Lord Camelford.

Oppoſite the window.

Sir Henry Lyttelton, brother of Sir Charles, and his firſt wife, Philadelphia, daughter of Thomas Cary, ſecond ſon of Robert, Earl of Monmouth.

Under Lady Lyttelton, a Flower-piece; by Van Hyſam.

Under this, a Boy in the character of young Bacchus; by Dobſon, highly finiſhed.

Underneath, Thomas, Lord Lyttelton; drawn when at Rome, after the manner of the old Roman coins and medals; by Pompeio Battoni.

On each ſide of this, beautiful medallions, in ſilver, of the preſent Empreſs of Ruſſia and the Emperor of Germany.

Over the Chimney.

A dead Chriſt, and the Maries weeping; by Vandyke.

Underneath, a Dutch market-woman, with a hen; by Blomart: and a perſpective of the inſide of a church, upon copper, after the Flemiſh ſchool.

A lady unknown; by Gerard Huntorſt; and miniatures by Peter Oliver, Cooper, and other maſters.

Over the door from the ſaloon.

A Madona and Child; by Rubens.

To the right of this, a little St. John; highly finiſhed, from the Italian ſchool.

Under this, David with Goliah's head; a copy from Guido Rheni, by Jordans of Antwerp.

Underneath, a Dutch bag-piper and ſurrounding groupe; on copper, by Brughall, very neatly touched.

A view in the Torrid Zone; by Peſt.

GREEN BED CHAMBER.

Over the Chimney.

Venus, with a dying Adonis, large as life, in the ſtyle of Annibal Carracci; painter unknown.

On the left of the Chimney.

Yachts at ſea; by Stork.

A lady, unknown; by Lely.

A landſcape, being a view on the Rhine; by old Greffer.

Over the door into the dreſſing-room.

A view of the rocks at Persfield.

Over the door oppoſite the window.

A view of Tintern Abbey.

Over the door next the Chimney.

A view of part of Milford Haven, by moon light.

INDIAN PAPER DRESSING-ROOM.

Over the door facing the window.

Sir Thomas Lyttelton; by Van Somars.

On the left of this, Catherine, his wife; by ditto.

Further to the left, Mr. John Lyttelton, father of Sir Thomas; when a boy.

Under Lady Lyttelton, Mr. Edward Lyttelton; half length, in the dreſs of Queen Elizabeth's age; on a pannel.

On the right of the Chimney.

George and Ferdinando Lyttelton; by Greenhill.

Over the Chimney.

The Holy Family in Egypt; by Le Soeur.

Over the two oppoſite doors.

Thomas and John Lyttelton, drown'd when at Oxford; by Greenhill.

Oppoſite the Chimney.

Lot banqueting with his two daughters; by Lucco Giardino; a capital piece.

Underneath, the MISERS; a moſt excellent original of the celebrated blackſmith of Antwerp, Matſys. The expreſſion is inimitable in this piece; 'tis undoubtedly genuine, and appears ſomewhat ſmaller than that at Windſor.

SCARLET BED-CHAMBER.

Over the Chimney.

Sir Charles Lyttelton in armour, with a black holding his helmet; by Le Fevre.

On the right hand, the Ducheſs of Portſmouth; a ¾ length.

On the left of the Chimney.

George, Lord Lyttelton; by Sir Joſhua Reynolds. The outline excellent, but the colouring extinct.

Oppoſite the bed.

The woman taken in adultery; by Varatori, the beſt ſcholar of Paul Veroneſe. The expreſſion fine, the figures animated, and the whole well preſerved.

Underneath,

Underneath, Spaniſh ſoldiers playing at dice, an admirable imitation of Georgino's manner; by Mr. Patoun.

Over the dreſſing-room door.

Mr. William Lyttelton, brother of Sir Charles.
Oppoſite this, the preſent Lord Forteſcue; by Whitby.

SCARLET DRESSING-ROOM.

Over the Chimney.

Chriſt with his diſciples, at Emaus; by Le Brun.

On the right of the Chimney.

William, Prince of Orange, founder of the Dutch common wealth; by Mirevelt.
Underneath, Sir Alexander Temple; by Cornelius Jonſen.

Over the Library door.

Sir John Lyttelton, dated 1557; by Zuccaro.
On each ſide of Sir John, Sir Thomas Lyttelton, father of Sir Charles; by Van Somers; and his Lady, daughter of Sir Thomas Crompton; by Cornelius Johnſon.
Under theſe, a landſcape; by Wotton: and a ſea piece; by C. W. Bampfylde, Eſq.

On the left of the weſt window at top.

Sir Edward Carew; by old Stone.
Underneath, Sir Francis Vere; by Rubens's maſter.

On the right of the weſt window.

Ferdinando, brother of Sir Charles Lyttelton; by Zooſt.

Underneath, Muriel, daughter of Sir Thomas Bromley, Lord Chancellor to Queen Elizabeth, and wife to John, grandfather of Sir Charles Lyttelton; by Cornelius Johnſon.

On the left of the north window.

Prince Maurice, when young, nephew to Charles I. by Dobſon.

Underneath, Lady Paget; uncertain whether by C. Johnſon.

On the right of the north window.

Sir Robert Stainmore; by Gerard Huntorſt.

Underneath, Lady Crumpton, wife to Sir Thomas Crumpton, and daughter of Lady Paget; doubtful if by C. Johnſon.

Under this, two ſmall landſcapes.

Over the door of the bed-chamber.

Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of King James the firſt; by C. Johnſon.

LIBRARY.

Over the Chimney.

A three quarter length of POPE, with his favourite dog Bounce; by Richardſon.

Over

Over the dreſſing room door.

The celebrated Gilbert Weſt; painter uncertain.

Over the door into the Hall.

Head of THOMSON; by Ackman.

The marble buſtos of MILTON, SHAKESPEARE, SPENCER, and DRYDEN; executed by Scheemaker, and bequeathed by Pope to George Lord Lyttelton, adorn this apartment.

Over the four book caſes are bronze buſtos of HOMER, POPE, VIRGIL, and CHAUCER.

THE delightful ſcenes of HAGLEY have, if poſſible, received additional improvement, ſince they came into the poſſeſſion of the preſent noble owner: —and the embelliſhments of the MANSION have been particularly heightened, by the addition of nearly one half of the capital paintings herein noticed, which have been furniſhed by LORD WESTCOTE. The truth of this remark will be confirmed by comparing the foregoing account with any catalogue or deſcription now in print.

ENVILLE.

From the BIRMINGHAM CHRONICLE.

VERSES,

Written at HAGLEY, *on the 4th of* DECEMBER, 1788.

WHEN Philip's ſon that ſepulchre ſurvey'd,
Where palſied time the ſtern Achilles laid:
He view'd the pile with reverential awe,
Whoſe frail contents had given nations law;
Upheld the recreant Greeks with godlike might,
And wrote in blood th' eſtabliſhment of right.
If a rude Pagan thus could ſtep aſide,
To hail the duſt once warm'd by human pride,
How much ſhould I regard this hallow'd ſpot,
Where wealth the indigence of worth forgot;
Where LYTTELTON with honour paſs'd his days,
And Bards beſtrew'd the threſhold with their bays
Where THOMSON led the motley hours along,
And drew the Seaſons in immortal ſong:
This is the bank where POPE his heart explor'd,
And wove a theme which BOLINGBROKE ador'd:
This is the vernal avenue he trod,
Imbibing thought to venerate his God:
Each tinkling rill, each mount, each dale, each tree,
Are ſacred all, as Iſrael's ark, to me:
Or Jubal's timbrel or the Delphic hall,
Or the Palladium on the Trojan wall.
In ſcenes like theſe by inſpiration fed,
Embower'd at Tuſculum the Roman read:
Impell'd by love and hope I rove around,
Yet dread to violate the claſſic ground;
Or wound ſome flow'ret by my vagrant feet,
Rais'd from a root that deck'd the muſes ſeat.
So pale, ſo panting, mov'd the ſteel-wrapt bands,
Who drove the ſavage Turk from Syria's lands;
And pierc'd with fearful zeal thro' Salem's gloom,
To lay their trembling hands on JESU's tomb.

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

ENVILLE.

From the Birmingham & Stafford Chronicle.

ENVILLE,

A beautiful little landſcape, deſigned and tinted after nature.

HERE elegance and nature are combin'd,
Here heaven another Eden has deſign'd,
To charm, to bleſs the illuſtrious owner's mind.

Britain's Vitruvius chiſſel'd out the dome,
Science, with all her inmates, deck each room,
And exerciſe withholds great STAMFORD from the tomb.

Spring, Summer, Autumn, decorate the place,
And eke hoar Winter, when fleet Dian's race,
Make woods and vallies ring with all the honors of the chace.

The doubling fox, on whom the hunter preys,
Thro' the thick copſe in palpitation ſtrays,
Eluding ruthleſs man and all his wily ways.

Before the manſion, on the vernal lawn,
In wanton movements, ſcuds the agile fawn,
E'en thus we ſport with care at reaſon's early dawn.

Here oaks erect their tow'ring heads, in pride,
Here elms, in rows, beſkirt the meadows ſide,
And ſpotted trout, elate, mid pebbly riv'lets glide.

Here human wit learns government from bees,
Here choral ſynods carol in the trees,
And Hygeia freights with health the circumambient breeze.

Emblem of time, behold the mowers wield
Deſtruction's ſcythe, and vegetation yield,
While Flora ſtrews her gifts o'er the new ſhaven field.

Around the precincts of the gay domain,
Full many a cottage peeps to mock the vain,
Where roſy ſylvans doubt, if love or life has pain.

At eve, if envious ſylph ſhould not annoy,
Circling the hearth, they paſs the jeſt and toy,
And waſte their chequer'd beings 'neath the wing of joy.

See near yon village ſmoke, devotion's ſpire,
Thither the old, the young, the meek retire,
Whom radiant faith, and hope and charity inſpire!

When ſcenes like theſe are given to the ſight,
The gazer's heart ſhould challenge the delight,
And ſuch the hamlet owns the LORD of ENVILLE's right.

ANTHONI PASQUIN.

A

COMPANION

TO THE

LEASOWES, &c.

ENVILLE.

FROM HAGLEY, the ſeat and improvements of the Earl of STAMFORD, at ENVILLE, naturally attract our attention.

Our ride thither lies through a country delightfully varied: as we touch upon the edge of Stourbridge, whoſe extenſive glaſs and clothing manufactories give employment to numbers, a viſit to ſome of the principal, will abundantly gratify the curious.

Our

Our approach toward Enville is over a wild heath, nearly barren. As we get ſufficiently near to diſcover his Lordſhip's grounds, the contraſt is extremely fine; oppoſed to the bleak deſart, the verdant ſloping lawns of Enville appear with ten-fold luſtre, edged and interſperſed with luxuriant woods, from whence peep forth, with ſingnlar beauty, various groteſque Alcoves.—

"There, STAMFORD, rural ſwain, delights to roam,
"While round the tumbling torrents daſh their foam;
"Or in ſome ſhed, of fancy's work, reclines,
"Sooth'd with the murmurs of his waving pines.
"GREAT PEER! ennobled by the gen'rous mind,
"Who, like the mighty fathers of mankind,
"Scorns not the culture of his native plains,
"Nor ſpurns the labours of induſtrious ſwains."

T. MAURICE.

To the right, a hilly waſte extends itſelf, far as the eye can reach, which is only relieved by a few ſolitary trees, dropped here and there: toward the Houſe, the bleak top of a heathy mount, has been crowned with a handſome plantation of firs.

We approach the demeſne by a large avenue, under the deep ſhade of oaks and cheſnuts, which leads

leads us by the offices to the entrance of the Park, from which a path ſtrikes acroſs part of the lawn, to the environ of a ſhrubbery; and paſſing a wicket, we diſcover a light ſquare building, called

THE BOAT HOUSE;

It fronts a beautiful irregular ſheet of water, and, from being placed upon an elevation, the variety and beauty of the ſcene, which it ſuddenly diſcovers to us, is inconceivably fine.

As the eye ſtretches over the lucid plain to its diſtant winding, we are ſtruck with the full effect of a beautiful CASCADE, tumbling impetuouſly from rocky precipices in three diſtinct falls, beneath the deep o'erhanging umbrage, which ſheds additional luſtre on the ſpangled foam.—The whole is backed by a boldly riſing wood, extending itſelf over the ridge of a hill, which riſes on the right, and ſtretches away, gradually diminiſhing, till it but juſt affords ſufficient ſhelter to an ancient GOTHIC GATEWAY, which we diſcover on the ſummit of a beautiful ſlope. Toward the bottom of this deſcent, we deſcry the rocky mouth of a Grotto, from whence the lawn ſweeps away toward the Houſe, 'till obſcured by a ſkirting wood which terminates the ſcene.

The

The inſide of the building, from whence we diſcover ſo many beauties, is decorated with ſtuccoing, diſpoſed in medallions, feſtoons, &c. the window is compoſed of beautiful ſtain'd glaſs, diſplaying groteſque groupes, which form a new and diverting ſcene, when cloſed upon the luxuriant landſcape we have juſt enjoyed.

From this building our walk winds under waving pines and ſhrubs, through whoſe thick foliage the gliſtening LAKE is at times dimly diſcovered, till we are led into the Park, where we behold it with renewed beauty: the path proceeds round its extremity till we come oppoſite to a tall fir tree, from which we enjoy, in a moſt advantageous point of view,

THE MANSION,

a handſome white ſtructure; which, although for the greateſt part modern, carries with it the air of reſpectable antiquity, happily correſponding with the venerable aſpect of the ſurrounding woods.—The center, which recedes from the wings, has the windows formed with pointed Gothic arches, and is flanked with two octangular towers—from theſe the wings extend, appearing as modern additions,

and

and round the top of the whole runs an embattlement: this abundantly conceals the roof, which ſo diſguſtingly preſents itſelf to view, in many, even modern buildings.

On the left, a conſiderable addition is built, which being judiciouſly planted out of view, as well as the brick offices on the other hand, the whole ſtrikes us with an air of pleaſing uniformity.

From the houſe, ſtretches forward a ſloping lawn that riſes boldly on the left, while the intervening ſheet of water, ſkirted by the ſhrubbery and building we have left, gives to the whole a moſt pleaſing effect.

From the border of the Lake the path leads thro' a wicket, into a neat ſhrubbery, where, through the various tinctured foliage, we are dazzled with the chryſtalline reflections of the ſtream, running along the glen on our right—immediately arriving at a SEAT, we behold

THE CASCADE

in its fulleſt force, daſhing o'er impending rocks into a deep glen, whoſe ragged ſides are ſcarcely hid by

by the thick laurel and tufted ſhrubs which o'erhang its edge; while the view which we here catch of the building, beyond the lake, conſiderably relieves the whole.

Purſuing a winding path, amid odoriferous ſhrubs, we paſs over an artleſs bridge, compoſed of a ſingle plank, which croſſes the ſtream between the firſt and ſecond fall. Here we look down the daſhing ſtream, between a WOODY VISTA, judiciouſly broken by a kind of arch, formed by an o'er-bending moſſy trunk. To the front of the Boat Houſe, the vaſt expanſe of water, every way begirt with deep foliage, without appearing in any part crouded, gives an air of magnificence to the whole ſcence.

From a bench, at the foot of a venerable aſh, cluſtered with ivy, we enjoy the SECOND CASCADE, ruſhing cloſely by us, at the ſame time we retain our former proſpect with added luſtre. The walk thro' this ſhrubbery is truly delightful, nor is it almoſt poſſible to conceive any object which could heighten its beauties. Quitting its environ, we proceed along the edge of the great reſervoir, which ſupplies the principal falls: from this we behold, over a

ſmall

ſmall CASCADE, the FARM-HOUSE or LYNDENS HALL, nearly enveloped by trees.

The path on the right leads through the edge of a coppice, to a circular ſeat, ſurrounding a beautiful YEW, from which we have a moſt extenſive and diverſified proſpect, though ſomewhat flat: ſhould we be tempted to continue this route by the inviting TERRAS WALK, which runs along the margin of the coppice, under a pleaſing ſhade, we ſhall arrive at the GOTHIC GATEWAY before noticed.

'Tis however beſt to turn towards the Farm Houſe; —paſſing a wicket we croſs the edge of a dark coppice, and, leaving the building on our left, purſue a winding track occaſionally ſhaded, 'till we reach a ſeat on the outſide of the coppice, from whence the perſpective is exquiſitely fine. Over the tops of the environing trees on the right, the brown heath appears, beyond which we have a delightful contraſt, in a richly cultivated country, ſtretching away to the utmoſt limit of the duſky horizon. From this, turning into the wood on the right, we aſcend a winding path, which preſently diſcovers to us

THE CHAPEL.

This *Little Building*, from its ſituation commanding views every way correſpondent to thoſe we meet with in the LEASOWES, has been, with much propriety, dedicated to the late WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

The deep gloomy umbrage, by which, except in front, 'tis wholly ſurrounded, gives it an air of peculiar ſolemnity, which is conſiderably heightened by the ſtained glaſs windows, enriched with ancient religious figures, that yield to the whole a venerable monaſtic air.——From the front we look down upon the ſtream, gliſtening through the impending boughs, cloſed by a thick wood, over whoſe extremity we diſcover the fertile plain, ſpreading away in all the beauty of varied cultivation.

The path, from this retreat, runs with a pleaſing unequality through the midſt of the wood, 'till, upon a ſmall eminence agreeably ſhaded, we meet a bench, from whence, over a ſloping wood, we look up a ſmall lawn, gently aſcending, on whoſe ſummit is erected, with ſingular advantage, a handſome

ROTUNDA,

o'er-

o'erſhaded by a bold wood which ſtretches away behind. The path, varying with many ſteep aſcents through the wood, conducts us into a verdant alley which opens into

THE SHEEP WALK,

an extenſive and beautiful Down of the ſmootheſt verdure.—Our ſituation is now the very reverſe of that an inſtant before—no tranſition can be more ſtriking, and the various beauties of Enville are ſingularly relieved by this paſtoral addition.—From a thick wood, ſcarcely pervious to the meridian rays, we emerge into a verdant expanſe, ſwelling out in the moſt graceful form, and are invited to gain an eminence, where, under the ſhade of a venerable Yew, encompaſſed by a ſquare bench, we enjoy an agreeable repoſe, with a great variety of proſpect. On the ſouth weſt our view is ſo rich and unbounded, that the eye ſtrays with wonder and delight, "unknowing where to fix."—

Here having reſted and indulged in the enjoyment of the various ſcenes which preſent themſelves, we proceed up the path to

THE SHEPHERD's LODGE,

a white Gothic building, round which a few trees

are agreeably diſperſed. The views from the lodge over the woods, and in almoſt every direction, ſeem of unbounded extent. The Houſe is furniſhed agreeable to its ſimple exterior, and ſcarcely any ornament admitted which does not correſpond with ruſtic taſte. The plain wall and ſtair caſe ſide, ſtuck o'er with chriſtmas carols, ancient ballads, and ſuch congenial embelliſhments, preſerve the idea of the ſhepherd's reſidence.—One apartment only admits of exception, being neatly furniſhed, and the walls ornamented with perſpective views, &c.

From the lodge we may purſue the path further weſtward, to a ſituation yet more elevated, from whence, if poſſible, a proſpect of greater extent will be taken in. On both ſides our view ranges over an improved country finely wooded, and backed by the diſtant tops of the Clee and other hills.

As we return from the lodge, the Down is conſiderably relieved by the trees, occaſionally ſcattered, ſingly and in ſmall plantations, which, while they amuſe the eye, afford a friendly ſhade to the woolly inhabitants. — The path conducts to the environs of the wood, and, entering by a gate ſufficiently wide

to

to receive a carriage, we are admitted into an extenſive graſſy road, and three verdant walks are immediately preſented to us—taking that on the right, we are conducted, by a delightful ſweep through the woods, to the ROTUNDA, at which we before had a peep, with the moſt pleaſing effect. Eight Ionic columns ſupport the dome—within is a ſeat, from whence we look down upon blooming meads and corn grounds, amply diverſified with trees and ſhrubs; directly oppoſite we have the Farm-houſe, from whence proceed to the heath two rows of trees in parallel lines, with ſuch exact regularity as rather to diſpleaſe the eye, long accuſtomed to the delight afforded by nature's fantaſtic ſportings: beyond the heath the richly cultivated ſcene again preſents itſelf. Round the building is a ſmall graſſy terrace of peculiar ſoftneſs. Reſuming our verdant walk we again arrive at the wide graſſy road* which leads to the GOTHIC GATEWAY;—this route, however, we only purſue for about thirty yards, when, ſtrik-

* Directly oppoſite our entrance into this road, is another of ſufficient breadth to admit a carriage, but by purſuing it we ſhall miſs ſeeing the PORTICO.

ing into a narrow gravel-walk on the left, we have a bold descent, somewhat winding, amidst copse and trees, so closely set as to be impervious to the darting rays of noon: this leads us to

THE PORTICO.

From this structure we look down a deep vale, whose steep sides are so thickly wooded, as to exclude any prospects in those directions; but we are amply recompensed by the fine opening which our elevated situation commands over the wood, that closes the termination of this beautiful valley: the top of the MANSION is discovered, beyond which a fine scope of country, heightened with every beauty of cultivation, extends to the utmost limit of the horizon. At the distance of near ten miles, although not half the extent of our prospect, we just discover the steeple of SEDGLEY CHURCH, which, with the scattered houses, windmills and other objects, abundantly relieve the view. This building is formed by square rustic pillars, supporting a suitable pediment and roof, and forming altogether a most agreeable recess. The walk crosses the PORTICO, and we ascend by a verdant path, close pent on either hand by the umbrage of copse and trees, to a solitary, secluded spot, in the midst of

of which is placed an URN, decorated in *bas relief*, with the figure of a Ram reclining beneath a tree, in which we diſcover a neſt with birds feeding their young,—embelliſhments every way adapted to ſcenes, where the fleecy inhabitant and feathered ſongſter enjoy repoſe and ſhelter.

From this little lawn we have four graſſy paths—taking the wideſt, (which ſtrikes off to the right of that we entered by,) a rapid and winding deſcent conducts us to

THE COTTAGE:

This humble thatched dwelling, retaining every ſimplicity its name indicates, has the happieſt effect in its ſecluded ſituation.

" Hither ye vain, ye giddy, and ye gay,
" Ye gaudy tulips of a ſhort liv'd day,
" Hither, oh hither lead your airy train,
" And ſcorn thoſe arts which reaſon muſt diſdain:
" No more let years in indolence be ſpent,
" But come, and learn the worth of true content."

A ſmall circular lawn riſes before the cottage, bounded every way by a thick hanging wood. On the

the left of the building an ample MANAGERIE extends itſelf, ſkirting the little lawn, and is well ſtocked with various pheaſants and exotic birds.

Taking a narrow path, facing the cottage, under a cloſe gloomy ſhade, we are conducted, by pleaſing windings, to the extremity of the wood, and paſſing a wicket, are let out oppoſite a venerable oak, ſurrounded by a ſeat: from hence we turn down on the left, by a walk ſkirting the wood, which leads us to a fine irregular piece of water: a ſimple wooden bridge preſents itſelf, by which we croſs the head* of the ſtream, and aſcending a walk on the left, under the ſhade of majeſtic oaks, our path leads us through a wicket along the verge of the ſhrubbery, and we mount up to a large white bench, ſituate beneath the umbrage of a venerable tree, o'er-caſed with ivy. From this ſeat the view is particularly beautiful;

* Or inſtead of croſſing the bridge we may make a circuit of the water, from the further extremity of which we ſhall be abundantly gratified by a pleaſing view up the Lake, whereon two or three iſlands, tufted o'er with trees, have a moſt agreeable effect.

beautiful; as we look down the gently ſloping lawn, our attention is caught by an ancient ſpreading oak, whoſe blighted top and arms add to its venerable aſpect.—On the right the opening boughs admit of our catching ſight of the ſhining Lake, while, over the bounding foliage in front, the contraſting wild brown heath heightens the beauties of the fertile plain, extending to a thick wood on the left, which contracts our proſpects in that point, and only juſt diſcovers to us the top of ENVILLE CHURCH.

Turning in on the left, we again penetrate the ſhrubbery, and purſue our devious courſe under waving pines, and other umbrageous trees, till we reach a ſeat — from thence we enjoy a moſt enchanting peep, through the ſpreading branches of a ſycamore, to the embattled GOTHIC GATEWAY and a ſmall ſlope of the intervening lawn, that flows down with peculiar grace, and receives additional beauty from the ſecluſion of other objects. Proceeding, our route continues along a moſt faſcinating walk, till we arrive at a bench, from whence we behold the CHURCH of ENVILLE, riſing boldly amid the deep green firs which aſpire to eclipſe it: beyond ſwells out with ſingular grandeur, a range of

hills, while, on the left, a variety of paſture, and fallow checkered, and often hid by thick foliage, bound the view.

Our walk is ſoon after terminated by the Garden entrance, at which we diſcover an elegant

GOTHIC BUILDING,

highly finiſhed, and poſſeſſing every air of a genuine Monaſtic Pile:

" Coeval with thoſe rich cathedral fanes,
" (Gothic ill-named) where harmony reſults
" From dis-united parts, and ſhapes minute,
" At once diſtinct, and blended, boldly form
" One vaſt majeſtic whole." ———

ENGLISH GARDEN, B. 4.

Within, inſtead of the *ſombre* arrangement, which its exterior indicates, we find an elegantly fitted up

BILLIARD ROOM.

The ceiling and other parts of this beautiful ſtructure are decorated with ſtuccoing, and at each ſide, in oppoſite nitches, the buſts of HOMER and CICERO are placed. —— In front is fixed an elegant Organ; and certainly no ſituation can be more inviting for the enjoyment of muſic—a cor-

correſpondent harmony reigning in every ſurrounding object.

From this building we have a moſt ſtriking proſpect of the GOTHIC GATEWAY—through the arch'd entrance the glimmering light dimly diſcovers its pointed port-cullis, which, aided by its embattled top and flankers, and the majeſtic growth of the woods, riſing up behind, ſtrongly enforce the idea of its having been the inlet to ſome ſeat of chivalry.

Thus can *true taſte*, in the judicious ſelection and diſpoſal of various objects, not only be certain of commanding admiration, but throw the luſtre of reality around the arrangements of fiction, which, unſkilfully placed, muſt expoſe ignorance and excite diſguſt:—

——————————— "Ornament,
"When foreign or fantaſtic, never charms
"*Our* judgment: here *we* tread on Britiſh ground;
"With Britiſh annals all the view accords.
"Some Yorkiſt, or Lancaſtrian Baron bold,
"To awe his vaſſals, or to ſtem his foes,
"Yon maſſy bulwark built; on yonder pile
"In ruin beauteous, *we* diſtinctly mark
"The ruthleſs traces of ſtern Henry's hand." MASON.

From

From hence we are conducted thro' the GARDENS, which are capacious and handſomely laid out. It is impoſſible, without regret, that we can take leave of a ſpot, whoſe abundant natural beauties have been heightened by the moſt refined taſte: — indeed to enter into the enjoyment of all the charms which the walks of ENVILLE preſent, the limits of a day, much leſs that of the time uſually taken in a viſit, muſt be infinitely too ſhort. It ſhould alſo be remarked that the PARK of ENVILLE has the peculiar advantage of rendering its beauties acceſſible to the viſit of the invalid, as its noble owner has, with the greateſt liberality, diſpoſed a carriage way throughout the whole.

A SKETCH
OF
FISHERWICK.
THE SEAT OF THE
Rt. Hon. EARL DONEGALL.

A SKETCH OF FISHERWICK.

AFTER the refined enjoyment which muſt ariſe from viſiting HAGLEY, ENVILLE, and the LEASOWES, where nature has been ſo exuberantly profuſe of her charms, and where thoſe charms are ſtill heightened by the embelliſhments of diſtinguiſhed taſte, we ſhall find it difficult to be pleaſed with ſcenes not poſſeſſing equal advantages of ſituation. But notwithſtanding the diſadvantage to which moſt places in the vicinity of Birmingham muſt appear after our late tour, yet we could not juſtify omitting to mention the elegant ſeat of LORD DONEGALL, at FISHERWICK, which will abundantly gratify us for an excurſion. Its beau-

ties, although derived from the arrangements of ſplendour and taſte, without many local aids, cannot fail to attract our admiration.

Our route to this beautiful SEAT lies through LICHFIELD, whoſe venerable CATHEDRAL is peculiarly worthy of notice; and the admirers of antiquity and natural curioſities will meet with no inconſiderable treat, from inſpecting the MUSEUM of Mr. GREEN. The collection, though not very large, includes ſeveral valuable curioſities, which muſt give pleaſure, even after viewing the ſtupendous aſſemblage of SIR ASHTON LEVER. For near forty years it has been the amuſement of this gentleman to collect the ſeveral articles that compoſe it, and which, with the greateſt politeneſs, he lays open for public inſpection.

We hope to be excuſed this little digreſſion, which was unavoidable, taking Lichfield *en paſſant*. About three miles from this city, paſſing by Freeford, the ſeat of Richard Dyott, Eſq. and the Race Ground, with its elegant ſtand, on the right, we arrive at Whittington, and continuing on the Tamworth road about half a mile, we are invited by

by a new plantation on the left, that leads up to a light elegant gateway and lodge, we enter the PARK of FISHERWICK; and proceeding between two thick circular plantations, our view is every way bounded by the growth of ſhrubs and foreſt trees. Paſſing thoſe plantations our proſpect expands: on the right a neat white building, allotted for a keeper's lodge, is diſcovered in a very pleaſing ſituation, backed by embowering trees:—as the road conducts us under the umbrage of a large oak on the left, we catch a view of the lofty Spires of Lichfield, beyond which *Gentle Shepherd*, (a fir-crown'd hill) appears a ſtriking object, and *Beaudeſart*, the ſeat of the Earl of *Uxbridge*, partly enveloped by *Style Copſe*. The Park, bedropt over with full-grown trees, ſingly, in *avenues, and in clumps, has every variety which a champaign country will admit of. Proceeding on, the road ſweeps round another thick, circular plantation, which has hitherto bounded our proſpect

* Plott, in his Hiſtory of Staffordſhire, obſerves, that the idea of timber never growing to perfection *if ſet in rows*, is totally controverted "By the ſtately avenues of Fiſherwick."

pect in that point of view, and we are immediately preſented with a ſumptuous edifice; which, from the ſudden diſcovery, breaks upon us with double luſtre.

" Here Nature's charms the raviſh'd eye invite,
" Here grandeur, ſtrength, and elegance unite,
" Taſte guides the rule, while judgment marks the lines,
" And all the maſter in the ſtructure ſhines.

On the right the proſpect is open for a conſiderable ſpace, over which the eye is conducted a little to the right of the eaſt angle of the Manſion to the ſeat of Mr. DICKIN, near the riſing Foreſt of NEEDWOOD, which bounds the horizon this way. Advancing to a nearer view of the Houſe, our attention is involuntarily arreſted, and we are at a loſs whether moſt to admire the beauty of its proportion, or the elegance of its embelliſhments.

A light Ionic Portico, form'd by ſix lofty columns which riſe the height of the building, project in front, and ſupport a pediment adorned with his Lordſhip's arms, highly finiſhed in alto-relievo, and along the frieze, in large roman characters, appears the following inſcription:

A. A. D. ANNO. MDCCLXXIV.

The building extends ſeventy feet on each ſide the Portico, and the whole extent of the front is one hundred and eighty feet. The pilaſters and decorations of the principal windows are of the Corinthian order, and the building entirely compoſed of a durable white ſtone.

By an eaſy flight of ſteps beneath the Portico we aſcend to a magnificent Hall, ornamented with ſixteen pilaſters of highly poliſhed marble; the compartments and ceiling interſperſed with elegant decorations in ſtucco. Four ſtatues, in Scaglione, after antique models, complete the embelliſhments of this apartment.

The furniture and arrangements of the other parts of the Manſion, every way correſpond with the dignity of the exterior. 'Tis impoſſible, however, to avoid noticing particularly, the principal DRAWING ROOM, lately fitted up. On the ceiling the pencil of MONSIEUR RIGAUD has been exerted with the moſt happy ſucceſs.—In the centre appears APOLLO in his meridian courſe, conducted by the roſy hours, heightened with a brilliant

brilliant glow of colouring that might do honour to a Claude. In an oblong compartment at one end, is repreſented a ſleeping ARIADNE, to whom approaches a BACCHUS with SILENUS, and ſuitable attendants.

In a correſponding compartment appear CERES and FLORA: behind the latter we have the proſpect of a copious Harveſt; at the extremity of this piece are Nymphs decorating the ſtatue of PAN——a pleaſing warmth of colouring reigns through the whole; the figures are exquiſitely proportioned, and well relieved, particularly the harveſt men.—The furniture is extremely elegant, uniting the richeſt embelliſhments to the moſt *taſteful deſigns*; the principal part by Signior BONOMI.

In different apartments are ſome highly finiſhed DRAWINGS and a variety of capital PAINTINGS.

The Library is ſtored with the fineſt editions of the moſt eminent ancient and modern authors; an advantageous diſplay of which would require more room than there is at preſent alloted for their claſſical arrangement.

The

The MUSIC ROOMS, which are elegantly fitted up, contain an excellent collection of inſtruments, by the firſt makers.

In contemplating the beauties of the expanſive ſcene, on our returning to the Portico, we are pleaſed with diſcovering TAMWORTH STEEPLE at a conſiderable diſtance, terminating a moſt pleaſing viſta, formed by that great genius in architecture and wonderful diſplayer of ſylvan ſcenes, the celebrated LANCELOT BROWN, Eſq. whoſe genius has afforded ſuch proofs of true taſte in nature's beauties, as ſeemed unknown before his time.

From the houſe we ſhall viſit the pleaſure-grounds with moſt advantage, by ſtriking off to the right. From hence we proceed by a ſmall neat piece of architecture, (an occaſional receſs for tender plants at particular ſeaſons,) and enter a walk cloſely planted with laurel, that leads under an ivyed-arched-way to the edge of a beautiful *Shrubbery*, which runs along the ſide of the Park in a meandering direction; occaſionally laying open to our view a beautiful expanſe of well-wooded and finely cultivated country, from whence

whence we have the handſome ſpire of Whittington nearly in front, and pleaſingly deſcry Tamworth to the left. The walk then enters the ſhrubbery, and we are conducted by a gentle deſcent amid a profuſion of beautiful ſhrubs and evergreens of the moſt luxuriant growth, 'till we are let out at a bridge croſſing the bye-road into the Park from Lichfield: continuing our route along its border we reach the environ of the FARM, which particularly merits our notice.

This ſimple ſtructure unites every utility with thegreateſt neatneſs: it is occupied by the land ſteward and his family.

LORD DONEGALL takes particular pleaſure in rural affairs, and in ſummer, while at this ſeat, generally breakfaſts here, having apartments purpoſely fitted up. His Lordſhip's exertions to improve the breed of cattle has every claim to public gratitude, as he ſtops at no expenſe or pains to obtain the moſt valuable ſtock, and has already reared ſome of the fineſt oxen, both for beauty and ſize, that this country can boaſt of.

His

His Lordſhip's endeavours have likewiſe been great reſpecting the breed of horſes; and his park, inſtead of being ſolely devoted to the feeding a few uſeleſs deer, reminds us of thoſe extenſive HARAS which we meet with upon the Continent, where the neighing race range at large in the moſt uncontrouled liberty: it has even the advantage of theſe, as it unites alſo the improvement of the horned kind.

After viewing the arrangements of the FARM, we return by a winding path ſkirting an irregular ſtream of water, in ſome places ſcarcely diſcernable for the thickly planted ſhrubs that o'er-hang its banks, and the different iſlands, which ariſe as it extends: we proceed on through a wood which terminates at the bridge, and croſſing the road (the uſual horſe way) we have it in our power to lengthen our walk, by purſuing the route leading to a neat and ſpacious building, moſt peculiarly adapted as a DOG KENNEL, which merits attention, particularly in the admirers of the ſports of the field. A great variety of different kinds of *Hounds* and *Spaniels* are here fed, among which the

the pack of dogs for *Otter-hunting* are ſaid to be the firſt in the kingdom; a diverſion to which his Lordſhip is particularly attached.

Returning from hence, by an orchard, we enter a walk, winding along the ſide of a noble piece of water, occaſionally ſhaded by deep ever-greens and trees of bolder growth.

The light green turf, of the moſt gloſſy ſmoothneſs, ſtretching away on each ſide to the edge of the Lake, forms a pleaſing contraſt with the deep green umbrage of the o'er-ſhading ſhrubs; amongſt which a moſt extraordinary ſized *Willow* particularly attracts our attention, and a yet more aſtoniſhing *Aſh*, ſuppoſed to be the largeſt in the kingdom.

Our walk runs occaſionally among lofty trees which obſcure the view, and again abruptly diſcover the poliſhed ſurface of the Lake.

Towards the centre we are conducted along its edge to a light wooden bridge; here our view up this chryſtalline expanſe is inconceivably fine: —— The ſtill ſerenity of this beautiful lake, heightened

heightened by the ſolemn umbrage of majeſtic trees on either ſide, terminated by a light elegant bridge, and backed by a thick wood, intirely excluding all other objects, has the moſt ſublime effect; it gives us one of thoſe ſtill, ſolemn ſcenes, which it is impoſſible to enjoy without the moſt tranquil delight. The harmony of the whole diffuſes a congenial calm over the imagination, and whilſt we gaze with rapture, every paſſion ſubſides into the moſt pleaſing ſerenity.

No ſpot can more exactly accord with theſe beautiful lines of Mr. MASON:

" ——————————— The chryſtal lake
" O'er which the giant oak, himſelf a grove,
" Flings his romantic branches, and beholds
" His reverend image in th' expanſe below.
" If diſtant hills be wanting, yet our eye
" Forgets the want, and with delighted gaze
" Reſts on the lovely foreground; there applauds
" The art, which, varying forms, and blending hues
" Gives that harmonious force of ſhade and light
" Which makes the landſcape perfect. ———————"

ENGLISH GARDEN, B. i.

Leaving

Leaving the bridge, we continue our route on the ſame ſide, winding along the edge of the ſhrubbery, till we reach a light Chineſe pavillion, erected on a verdant ſwell, from whence we take in a more varied proſpect. The lawn, ſcattered o'er with trees, ſtretches away on the right to the ſkirting ſhrubbery, at whoſe extremity we diſcover a wing of the Manſion, beyond which a deep wood bounds our view.—In front an iſland covered with thickly-tufted firs preſents itſelf, emerging, as it were, from the broad ſtream beneath, which winds its devious courſe till received into the boſom of the Tame:—beyond, the verdant carpet widely extends itſelf, till the eye is arreſted by the CHURCH, a venerable gothic building adjoining LADY ANDOVER's ſeat, juſt riſing o'er the emboſoming trees. On the left our view is obſcur'd by the woody-fringed horizon.

Continuing our walk we diſcover an elegant pile appropriated to a Conſervatory, ſo judiciouſly ſituated as to form a pleaſing object from the Manſion. From this point, we are preſented with another view of the Houſe; and admire the beautiful windings of a ſtream, which has been conducted at conſiderable expence through the Park: its courſe,

while

while it appears traced out by the pencil of taſte, preſerves ſuch due attention to the guidance of nature, that it ſeems one of its ſpontaneous works. From a ſeat weſtward of this building, beneath the impending foliage, we have a charming peep over the ſtream and adjoining lawn, till our eye, conducted o'er the riſing wood, diſcovers the ſpire of CLIFTON.

Our walk now leads on through knots of evergreens, o'er-ſhadow'd by lofty firs and oaks, carried down the ſlope of a beautiful natural TERRAS to the ſtream on our right. As our courſe winds along this charming ſlope, the ſcenes become more open; ſhrubs and trees fantaſtically diſpoſed and dropped with the moſt graceful negligence over the verdant declivity, which deſcends rather abruptly to the river, (here of conſiderable breadth,) yields a moſt pleaſing variety. From a groteſque ſeat on the bank, we behold the ſtream winding along in unruffled ſerenity. — The numerous herds, feeding in the adjoining meadows, contraſted with the waving fields of corn, fallow ground, and various plantations, preſent us with a ſcene truly paſtoral. — No ſpot could with more propriety be inſcribed:

" Aut

" Aut in reducta valle mugientium,
" Proſpectat errantes greges,
" Aut preſſa puris mella condit amphoris,
" Aut tondet infirmas Oves.

HORACE, EPOD. ii.

" Or in the length'ning vale ſurveys
" His lowing herds ſafe wand'ring as they graze,
" Or careful ſtores the flowing gold,
" Preſs'd from the hive, or ſheers his tender fold.

DR. FRANCIS.

Nothing can be more agreeable than our walk, ſtill winding along the bank of the TAME, occaſionally obſcured by little cluſtering plantations or large ſpreading oaks, and defended on the left by the ſhade of various evergreens, and decidious plants. 'Tis impoſſible to quit the margin of this river without regret, which the turn of our path to the left ſoon compels us to do. The walk now winds under a knot of pines to the head of a newly-formed plantation, laid out with conſiderable taſte. We may here either re-enter the ſhrubbery by a new walk, which will conduct us back to the green-houſe, or, which will perhaps be found more preferable,

preferable, ſtrike into the Plantation, and enjoy a delightful umbrageous walk on the ſoft verdure, which ſweeps round the demeſne, and leads us to the bridge already noticed. Croſſing this we turn in at the left, and, by a progreſs different from that we enjoyed before, proceed in a devious courſe, thickly ſhaded with ever-greens and ſhrubs, till we reach a ſmall lawn, every way emboſomed with cloſely planted trees, except on the north, where, beneath the opening boughs, we diſcover the ſmooth expanſe of the Lake.

" *The gliſtening* fluid, in *this* ſcene confin'd,
" Circled with varied ſhade, where, thro' the leaves,
" The half-admitted ſun-beam trembling plays
" On its clear boſom; where aquatic fowl
" Of varied tribe, and varied feather ſail;
" And where the finny race their glittering ſcales
" Unwillingly reveal ——————."

ENGLISH GARDEN, B. iii.

On a ſwell of the lawn, juſt oppoſite the water, is judiciouſly placed a light moveable pavillion:— in this ſecluded ſpot we are particularly delighted with the melody of the feathered choir, whom the

deep ſurrounding ſhades invite, while the hares diſport around in all the confidence of *ſecurity. This ſcene remind us of the firſt happy ſtate, ere man, impelled by ſavage principles, ſought to deſtroy the unoffending tenants of the earth and air:

" ——————— Then was man
" Creation's King, yet friend; and all that browſe,
" Or ſkim, or dive, the plain, the air, the flood,
" Paid him their liberal homage; paid unaw'd
" In love accepted, ſympathetic love
" That felt for all, and bleſt them with its ſmiles."

ENGLISH GARDEN, B. ii.

By the path, ſtriking acroſs this lawn, we again enter the ſhrubbery, and as we approach its termination, our ears are ſaluted with the hoarſe clamours of a water-fall. The opening from the ſhrubbery diſcloſes to us a beautiful verdant ſlope, which ſtretches behind the Manſion to the edge of the water, and we diſcover, with peculiar advantage, a magnificent CASCADE,

* His Lordſhip does not allow any birds or hares being killed within the precincts of his extenſive pleaſure grounds or gardens.

CASCADE, that falls with conſiderable force into the large winding ſtream beneath. The head of the fall is deeply ſhaded; ſome full grown trees, riſing before the centre of this foaming ſheet of water, gives the appearance of two ſeparate Caſcades, and the effect of the daſhing ſurge, gliſtening through the extending branches, is inconceivably majeſtic and pictureſque.

Upon the ſpot from whence the fall and lake is beheld to ſo much advantage, Marquees are frequently erected for rural entertainments, and certainly no ſituation could be conceived more appropriate or captivating.

After admiring this ſcene, we proceed to the ſouth eaſt corner of the Manſion, where the proſpect is heightened with additional beauty.—The Caſcade, foaming down into the broad ſtream, ſweeps with peculiar grace and ſkirts the hanging lawn, over whoſe extremity we juſt catch a view of the river. The ground riſing up behind, crowned with the Conſervatory already noticed, and backed by a ſcope of wood which extends on the right, with the moſt agreeable variety, ſometimes dimly diſcloſing

uncovered patches, is ſingularly pleaſing. Directing our view on the right, we range over an extent of paſture, ſcattered over and every way bounded with trees.

Advancing to a circular bench, under an ancient ſycamore, we enjoy an excellent perſpective of the principal front and eaſt end of the Manſion, with part of our laſt proſpect moſt agreeably varied.

Independent of the conſideration in how ſhort a ſpace FISHERWICK has been almoſt created, and even the want of many advantages which ſituation ſo frequently yield; it cannot fail to be placed in the foremoſt rank of magnificent ſeats and improvements, which at preſent ornament our iſland.

Elegant LINES *written at* FISHERWICK, *By* ANTHONY PASQUIN, *Eſq. Dec.* 18, 1788.

TO paint the ſylvan ſcene where patriots dwell,
What can befit the Doric reed ſo well?
Had I Theocritus' his art or ſtrain,
Could I delineate, like Mantua's ſwain,
Theſe ſcenes, theſe ſlopes, theſe lawns, which Taſte refines,
Should live, like Tully's villa, in my lines.
Here interwoven ſhrubs exclude the ray,
When he who ſlew the Python heats the day:
From yonder willows' twining roots extreme,
Affrighted reptiles leap into the ſtream:
Beneath yon ſedgy bank, immerſ'd in mud,
Gaunt pikes await the tenants of the flood;
Whoſe ſilver waves in noiſeleſs current glide:
While ſtately ſwans upon the waters ride,
Each like another Jove, who forceful preſt
His broad white pinions upon Leda's breaſt:
Vaſt *oxen lave in yon meand'ring rill,
Fat as the fleecy droves on Tempe's hill;
Or Laban's flocks, of whom the Hebrews tell,
When Jacob woo'd his Rachael at the well!
Here the ſtall'd ſteer, in deep ton'd thunder lows,
Here Ceres bends the orchards pregnant boughs:
And cowſlips ſpread, where many a languid fay,
Seeks a cool ambuſh from the fevering day.

Dryads

* In Nov. 1788, an Ox was killed at Fiſherwick that was 16 hands 1 inch high, 10 feet long (from the back of the horns to the rump,) and 11 in circumference; he weighed alive 3017 pounds, when dead and, divided, his four quarters weighed 2006 pounds; his chine, when ſevered, was 10¾ inches thick of fine ſolid fat.—At the ſame time and place was alſo killed, a very fat Sheep, equal to the Ox as to fatneſs, in grain and colour rather ſuperior: the carcaſe weighed 183 pounds.

Dryads, whom buſy population drove,
From the light leafy chambers of the grove!
Now iſſue from their dells, and cluſtering round,
All hail the produce of the fruitful ground!
Where infant ‡ OAKS, by DONEGALL were ſown,
And form a ſhelt'ring foreſt of their own;
Cut from their trunks new NAVIES ſhall ariſe,
In after-times, to glad BRITANNIA's Eyes!

‡ His Lordſhip obtained the medal in 1779, for planting the greateſt number of Oaks, having in that year covered upwards of 25 acres — for which he deſerves the thanks of the nation: I ſincerely wiſh that his example may be more generally followed, the planting of Oaks being an effort of more Patriotiſm than is commonly imagined, as their annual deſtruction far exceeds their annual growth.

BOOKS *printed and ſold by* M. SWINNEY, *BIRMINGHAM.*

SACRED LITERATURE: ſhewing the Holy Scriptures to be ſuperior to the moſt celebrated writings of antiquity, by the teſtimony of above five hundred witneſſes, and alſo by a compariſon of their ſeveral kinds of compoſition. In 12 books. To which are added, Epiſtles and Extracts, from ſome of the moſt early of the chriſtian fathers. The whole intended not only to recommend the Bible, as ſuperior to all other books, but, as a moral and theological repoſitory for chriſtians of every rank and degree. In four large volumes, octavo, price 1l. 4s. in boards. By the Rev. DAVID SIMPSON, M. A.

2. A DISCOURSE on STAGE ENTERTAINMENTS. By the Rev. DAVID SIMPSON, M. A.

3. A Diſcourſe on the late Royal Proclamation for the Suppreſſion of Vice and Immorality. By the Rev. DAVID SIMPSON, M. A.

4. A Diſcourſe on the vaſt Importance of True Religion. By the Rev. DAVID SIMPSON, M. A.

5. A Diſcourſe on Beneficence, and the wonderful Remunerations of Divine Providence to charitable Men; with a great variety of examples. By the Rev. DAVID SIMPSON, M. A.

The SCRIPTURE LEXICON; or, a Dictionary of above Four Thouſand proper Names of Perſons and Places mentioned in the Bible; divided into ſyllables, with their proper accents; with the deſcription of the greateſt part of them: alſo the explanation of many words and things in the Bible which are not generally underſtood. The ſecond edition, with additions, and the Greek of the proper names affixed to them. 8vo. 6s. ſewed.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS relating to EDUCATION: more eſpecially as it reſpects the conduct of the mind. In one volume, octavo, price 3s. 6d. in boards. By the Rev. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, LL. D. F. R. S.

An ADDRESS to the INHABITANTS of BIRMINGHAM, upon the neceſſity of attending to the philoſophy of the mind, previous to their forming a juſt and complete theory of education; upon the influence of education, and its relative value; with a particular addreſs to tutors and parents. Price 1s.

The ART of ANGLING; or, Compleat Fly-fiſher. Deſcribing the different kinds of fiſh; their haunts; places of feeding and retirement; with an account of the generation of fiſhes, and obſervations on the breeding of carp. Together with directions how to regulate pools or ponds. Alſo the various kinds of baits, and the great diverſity of flies that nature produces. To which are added, directions for making artificial flies. Illuſtrated with many new improvements in the art of angling; and an elegant frontiſpiece. By CHARLES BOWLKER, of Ludlow. Price 1s. 6d. ſewed, in blue paper.

BOOKS *printed and sold by* M. SWINNEY.

The HISTORY of the LIVES of ABEILLARD and HELOISA; comprising a period of eighty-four years, from 1079 to 1163. With their genuine LETTERS from the collection of Amboise. By the Rev. JOSEPH BERINGTON. Second edition, quarto, boards. Price 1l. 1s.

2. LETTERS on MATERIALISM, and on Hartley's Theory of the Human Mind. Octavo, price 1s. 6d.

3. IMMATERIALISM delineated; or, a View of the first Principles of Things. Octavo, 1s. 6d.

4. LETTER to Dr. FORDYCE. Octavo, 1s. 6d.

5. State and Behaviour of the English Roman Catholics, from the Reformation to the Year 1781. Second edit. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

6. Reflections addressed to the Rev. John Hawkins. To which is added, an Exposition of Roman Catholic Principles, in reference to God and the Country. Octavo, 1s. 6d.

7. An Address to the Protestant Dissenters, on their memorial for the repeal of the Test Act. Second Edition; containing a Letter from the Rev. Dr. Priestley. Octavo. 1s.

8. An Essay on the Depravity of the Nation, with a View to the Promotion of Sunday Schools, &c. of which a more extended plan is proposed. Octova, 1s.

9. The Rights of Dissenters from the Established Church, in relation, principally, to English Catholics. Octavo, 1s.

All the above by the Rev. JOSEPH BERINGTON.

A BOTANICAL ARRANGEMENT OF BRITISH PLANTS, including the uses of each species, in Medicine, Diet, Rural Economy, and the Arts; with an easy Introduction to the Study of Botany. Illustrated by copper-plates. In two volumes, octavo, price fourteen shillings in boards. The second edition. By WILLIAM WITHERING, M.D. F.R.S. Including a new Set of References to Figures, by J. STOKES, M. D.

The ARTIST's ASSISTANT, in the attainment of the polite arts; particularly in drawing, designing, perspective, etching. engraving, mezzotinto scraping, painting upon glass, and in water colours, and on silk or satin, &c. Comprising the greatest variety of interesting discoveries ever given in any one publication. Illustrated with copper plates. Octavo, boards, 3s. 6d.

READING MADE COMPLEATLY EASY; or, the Child's Pleasing Instructor. Calculated to assist children in the attainment of the English language, and to make learning rather an amusement than a task. Adorned with cuts. Adapted to the use of schools and private families, being the compleatst book of the kind ever published. To which is now first added, Æsop's Fables made easy; consisting of words of only one syllable. By G. DUNNING, late Master of an Academy at Coventry. Price only sixpence. Ornamented with copper-plates.

42